

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 10
APRIL

LN

MAD



10¢



...Another drink and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man. Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture-dead.

-FROM
THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR

H. Kurtz

YOU TOO CAN LEAP
AND FALL ACROSS THIS
COMIC BOOK DEAD WHEN
YOU SEE **THE FACE UPON
THE FLOOR** IN THIS ISSUE
OF **MAD!**

I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my **PANIC MAGAZINE!**



I WAS UPLIFTED FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR BY THIS REVEALING EXPERIENCE! I LAUGHED SO HARD I ALMOST BUST THE BINDING! I WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION... THE STAR. EVERYBODY WANTED TO DANCE WITH ME! I WAS RUSHED! SO BE POPULAR LIKE ME! WEAR **PANIC!** RUN DOWN AND GET INTO YOUR COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND. IF YOU'RE THE SHY TYPE AND WOULD RATHER DRESS AT HOME, THEN YOU CAN **SUBSCRIBE** BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

WAR COMICS DEPT.: THE TRUCE HAS BEEN SIGNED IN KOREA! FOR SOME TIME, WE HAVE BEEN ITCHING TO SINK OUR TEETH INTO ONE TYPE OF LITERATURE BORN OF THE WAR!...WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME! ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS STORY AND REAL WAR IS TOTALLY ACCIDENTAL!...IT IS WITH THE SINCEREST RESPECT THAT WE DEDICATE THIS LAMPOON TO YOU REAL SOLDIERS WHO HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH THE GLAMORIZED WAR COMICS LIKE...



G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! LISTEN! CANNON-FIRE UP FRONT!... SOUNDS OF BATTLE!... AND YOU KNOW THAT WHENEVER WE HEAR SOUNDS OF BATTLE, WE DROP EVERYTHING AND RUN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE!



SOUNDS OF BATTLE! OH JOY! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BATTLE (SNIF)... TO DIE AND LEAVE EVERYTHING (SNIF) FOR A GOOD OL' BATTLE!

YEAH! WE DROP EVERYTHING FOR A GREAT OL' BLOODY BATTLE!

OH DRAT THE DAY I STARTED WORKING FOR COMIC BOOKS!



LOOK! IT'S AN ENEMY DIVISION ALL ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS ATTACKING IN A BANZAI CHARGE! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS A SERIOUS ATTACK!

...IT'S NOT AS BAD AS I GUESSED!... TELL YOU WHAT!... YOU TAKE 'EM ON ALONE!... I'LL COME ALONG TO HOLD YOUR COAT!



G.I. SHMOE! EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU FIGHT WITH THE CLUBBED RIFLE! DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE MORE ADVANTAGEOUS TO USE FIRE POWER OF THIS MACHINE-GUN?

...AWWW! ALL I DO IS BASH 'EM WITH THE RIFLE-BUTT!



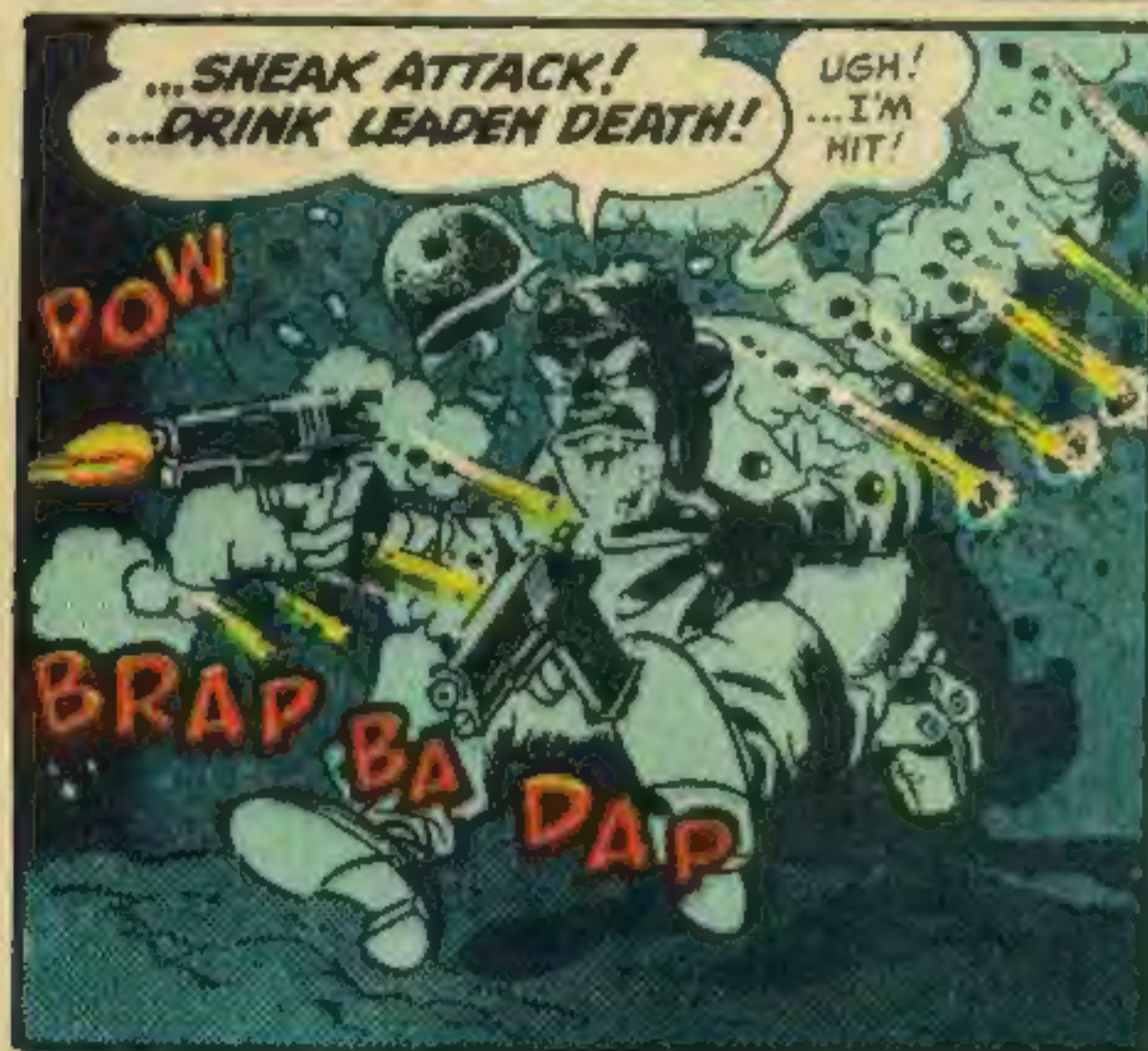
...YOU SEE, THIS MACHINE GUN HAS THE QUICK-LOADING FEATURE OF THIS AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED ACTION CLIP...

YOU'RE RIGHT!... I CAN READILY SEE HOW THAT AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED-ACTION CLIP WOULD DEFINITELY HELP...



...WHEN I BASH 'EM WITH THE TOMMY-GUN BUTT!





OH BABY... THE WAY YOU ASK FOR CHEWING GUM... I GET A PRICKLING SENSATION UP AND DOWN MY SPINE!

DON'T TAKE HIS GUM, BABY! I'VE GOT INDIAN GUM WITH FREE PICTURE TICKETS IN EACH PACKAGE!



GOOD WORK, COMRADE! BY CAUSING THEM TO FIGHT EACH OTHER, G.I. SHMOE HAS FIVE BULLETS IN HIS SPINE AND FOUR BULLETS THROUGH HIS HEART! SGT. SQUIRT HAS SEVEN BULLETS IN HIS HEAD AND A BAYONET THROUGH THE GUT! I THINK THEY ARE SUFFICIENTLY WEAKENED FOR CAPTURE!



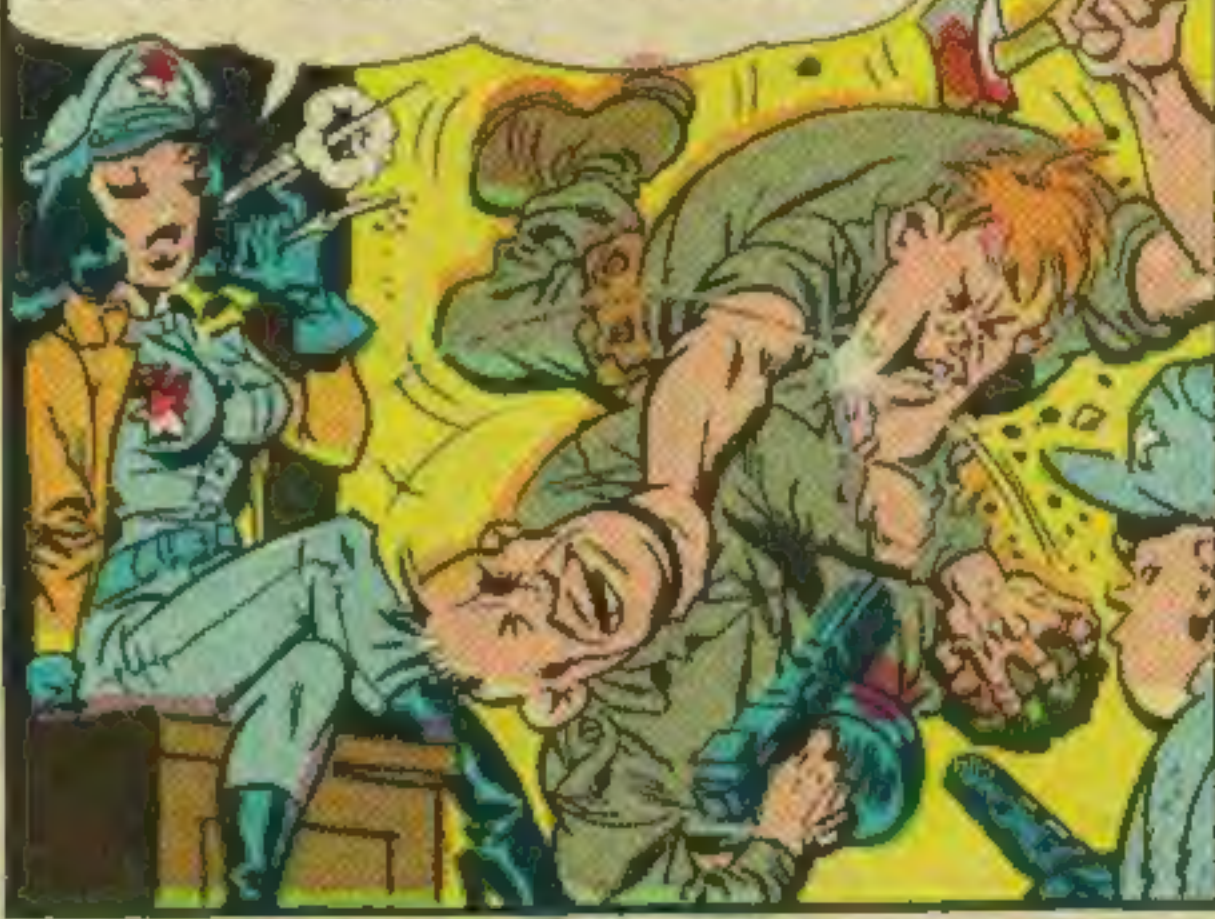
HERE, O' COMRADE COMMANDER, ARE THE AMERIKANNER SHVEINHUNT WHO HAVE BEEN CAUSING SO MUCH TROUBLE!... WE FINALLY CAPTURED THEM BY PROVOKING THEM TO FIGHT OVER A WOMAN!

THAT'S A FILTHY LIE! WE NEVER FIGHT OVER WOMEN!

G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! LOOK AT O' COMRADE COMMANDER!



VERY GOOD, COMRADE LIEUTENANT! WITH G.I. SHMOE AND SGT. SQUIRT CAPTURED, NOTHING STANDS BETWEEN US AND WORLD CONQUEST!



AND NOW WE TORTURE YOU FOR INFORMATION! WE SHALL THRUST SHARP BURNING BAMBOO SLIVERS UNDER YOUR FINGER NAILS! WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW?

NO! NO!



AH! BUT WE HAVE MORE EXQUISITE TORTURES THAN THIS!... WE WILL PUT YOU ON **PERMANENT K.P.**! NOW WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW?

YES! YES!

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS...



...HEY, JOE! ...YOU GOT CHEWING GUM?

HUH?

HAVE YA?





O.K., SGT. SQUIRT! I'VE GOT INFORMATION THAT'LL CHANGE THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS WAR! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE! FORTUNATELY, THEY HAVE MERELY HALF A DIVISION ARMED ONLY WITH LIGHT WEAPONS TO GUARD US!

HEY WAIT A MINUTE, AMERICANS...



HOW COME WE KEEP FIRING AT YOU AMERICANS AND WE NEVER HIT!

...SURELY A **STRAY CHANCE, LUCKY** SHOT IS **BOUND** TO GET YOU!

AWWW... WE'RE JUST LUCKY, I GUESS!



YAAAHOO! WATCH ME GO TO TOWN NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY FAVORITE WEAPON... A **RIFLE-BUTT!**



YAHOO! I BROKE RIFLE-BUTT TO SPLINTERS SO NOW I'LL HAVE TO USE THE NEXT BEST THING... A **CIGAR-BUTT!**

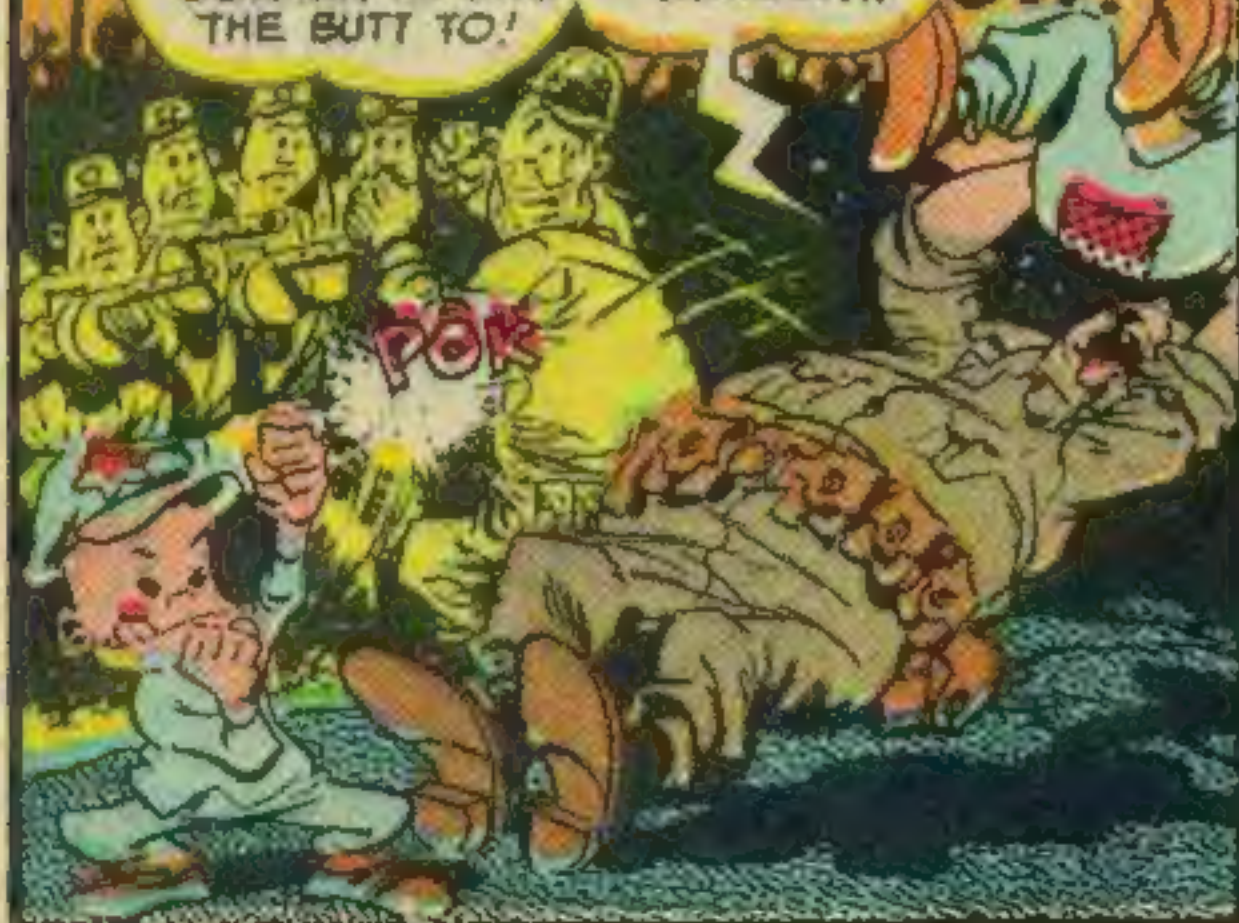


YAHOO!... WORE OUT THE CIGAR BUTT... BUT THERE'S PLENTY OTHER TYPE BUTTS I CAN STILL USE!



HOO BOY! ONLY ONE MORE ENEMY SOLDIER TO GIVE THE BUTT TO!

...HEY, SGT. SQUIRT! DIDJEYER MASH FLIES ON A SCREEN... **OW!**



G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! YOU ARE KILLING AN ENEMY WITH A CANNON! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY USED YOUR **FISTS!** I THOUGHT YOU ONLY USED YOUR **GUN-BUTT!**

WELL... UNDER EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES... I'M NOT PROUD!





WESTERN DEPT. WESTERN HOLLYWOOD, THAT IS! TENSION WAS RISING ON THE PLAINS! SQUATTERS, FARMERS WERE MOVING ONTO THE UNFENCED CATTLE RANGES. PUTTING UP FENCES. PUTTING UP BARNs... PUTTING UP HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANTS! INTO THIS FURSHLUUGINER MESS RODE A STRANGER WITH THE CRAZY NAME OF

SANE!

HSST LOOKE!
A STRANGER
RIN INTO THIS
FLRSHLUUGINER
MESS!

HE AINT
ONE OF US
CATTLEMEN!
HE MUST BE
A FARMER!
LEMME GUN
HIM!

WAIT!
THAR'S SOME
THING MIGHTY
STRANGE 'BOUT
THE WAY HE RIDES!
...CAN'T EXACTLY PUT
MUH FINGER ON IT
BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN'
MIGHTY STRANGE
LET'S TELL THE BOSS!



PAN! PAN!

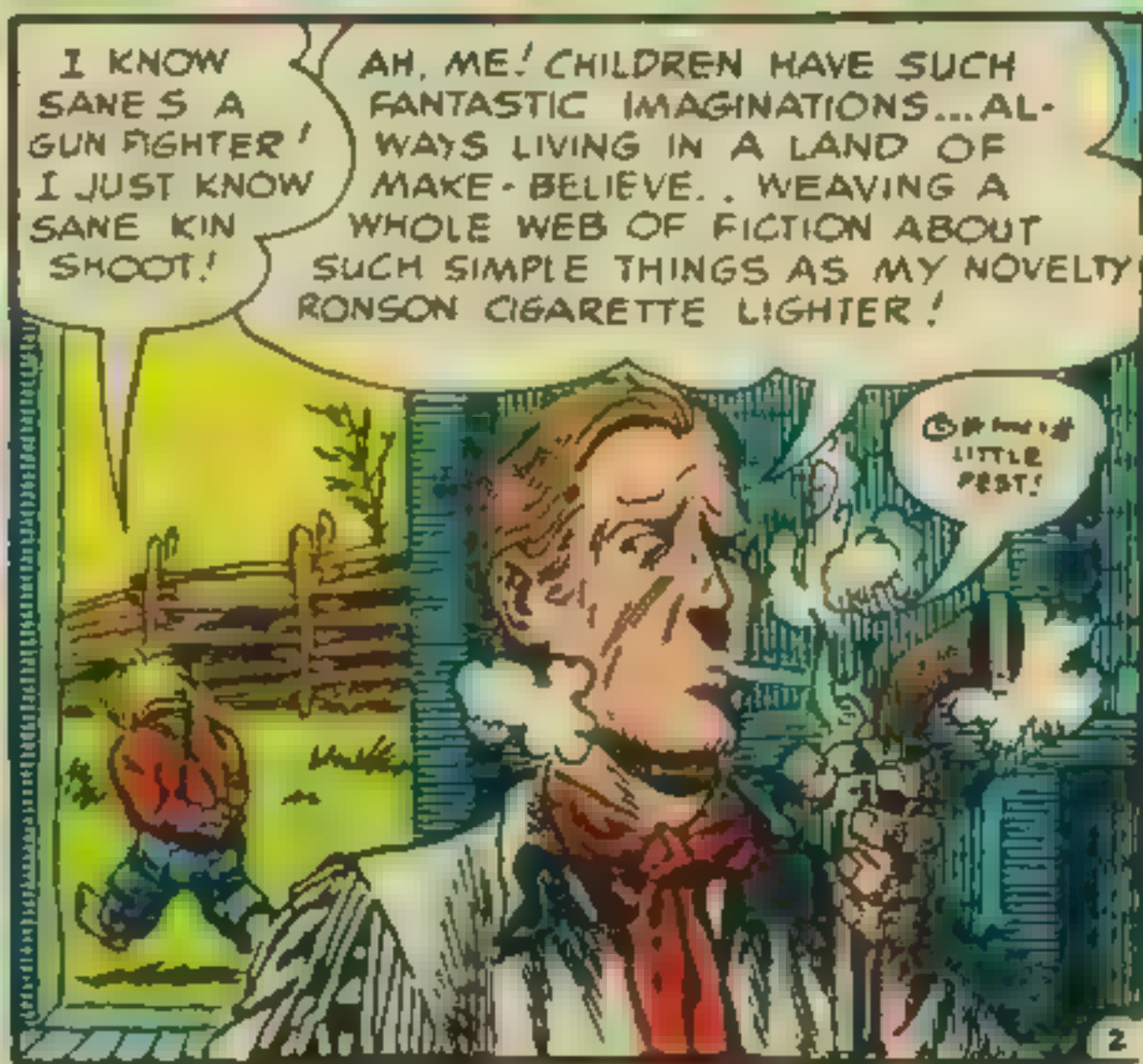
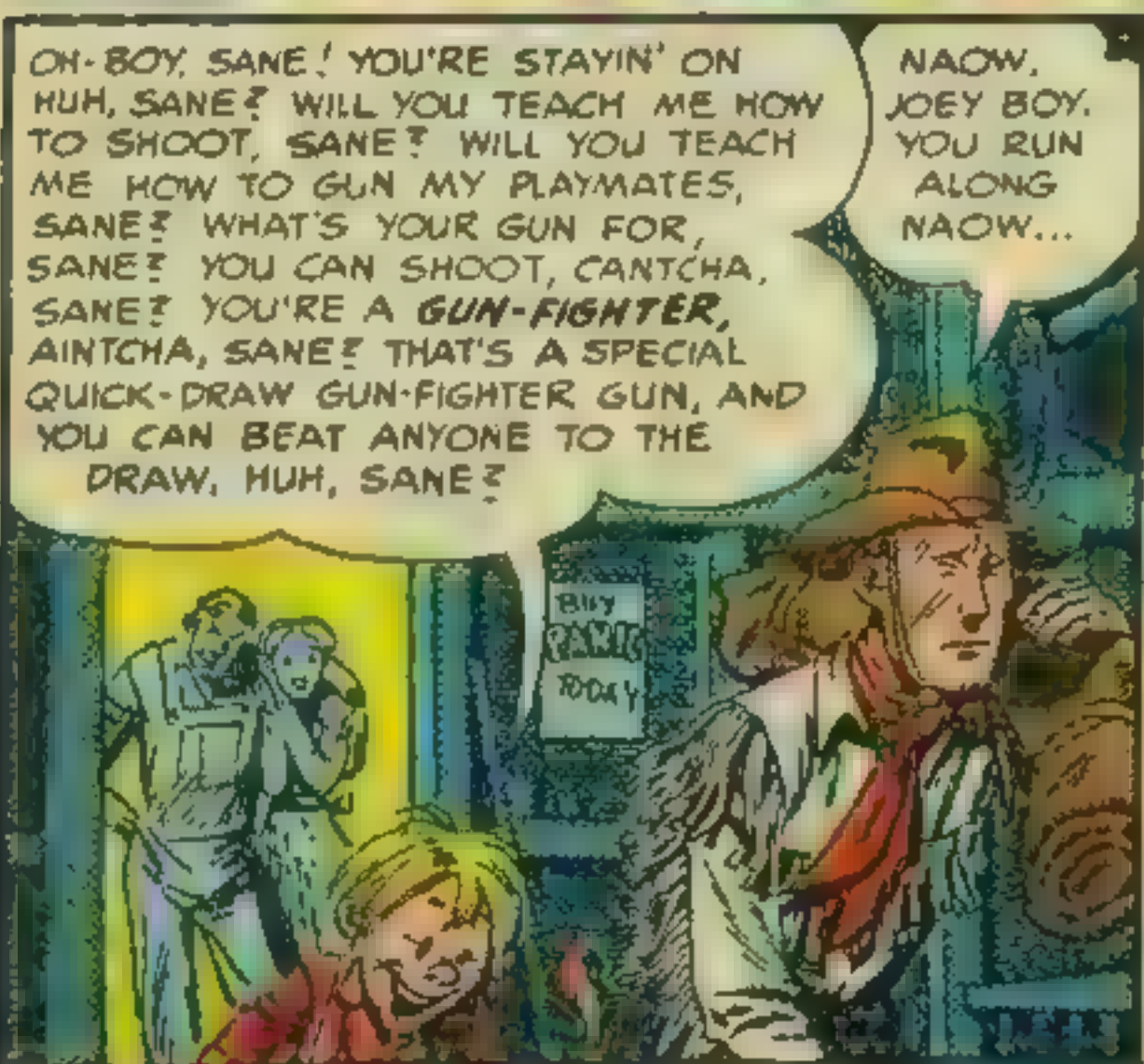
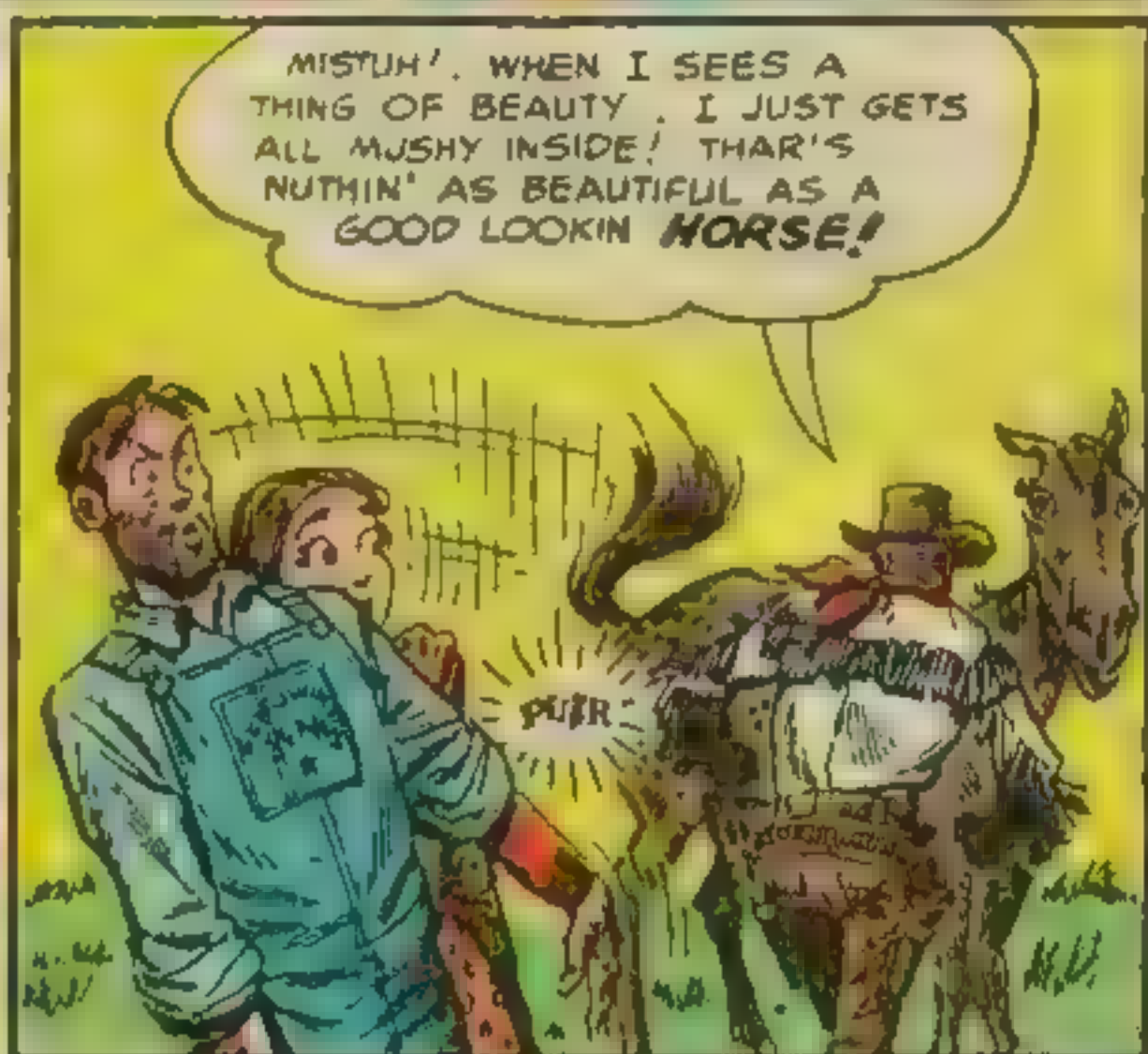
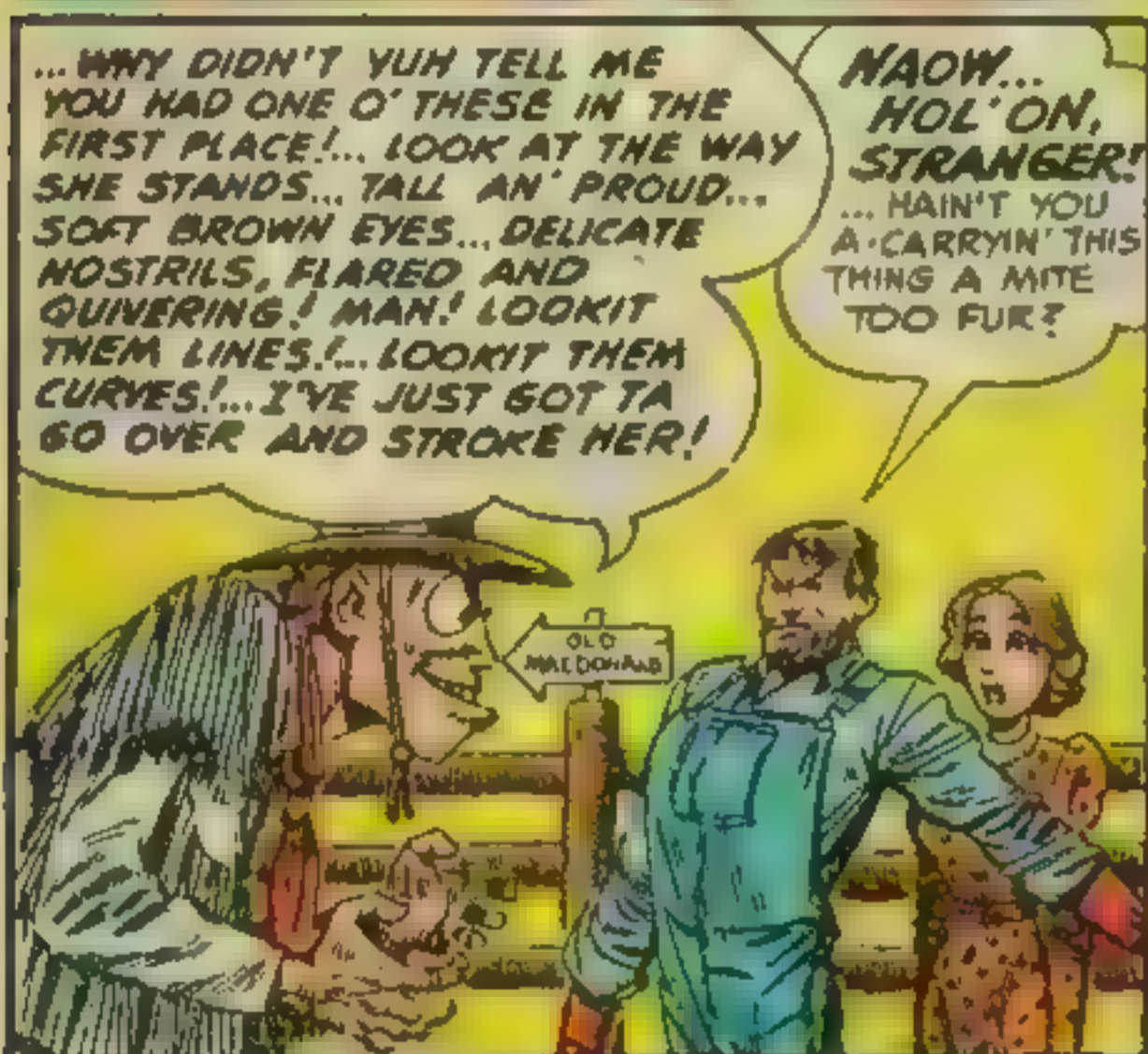
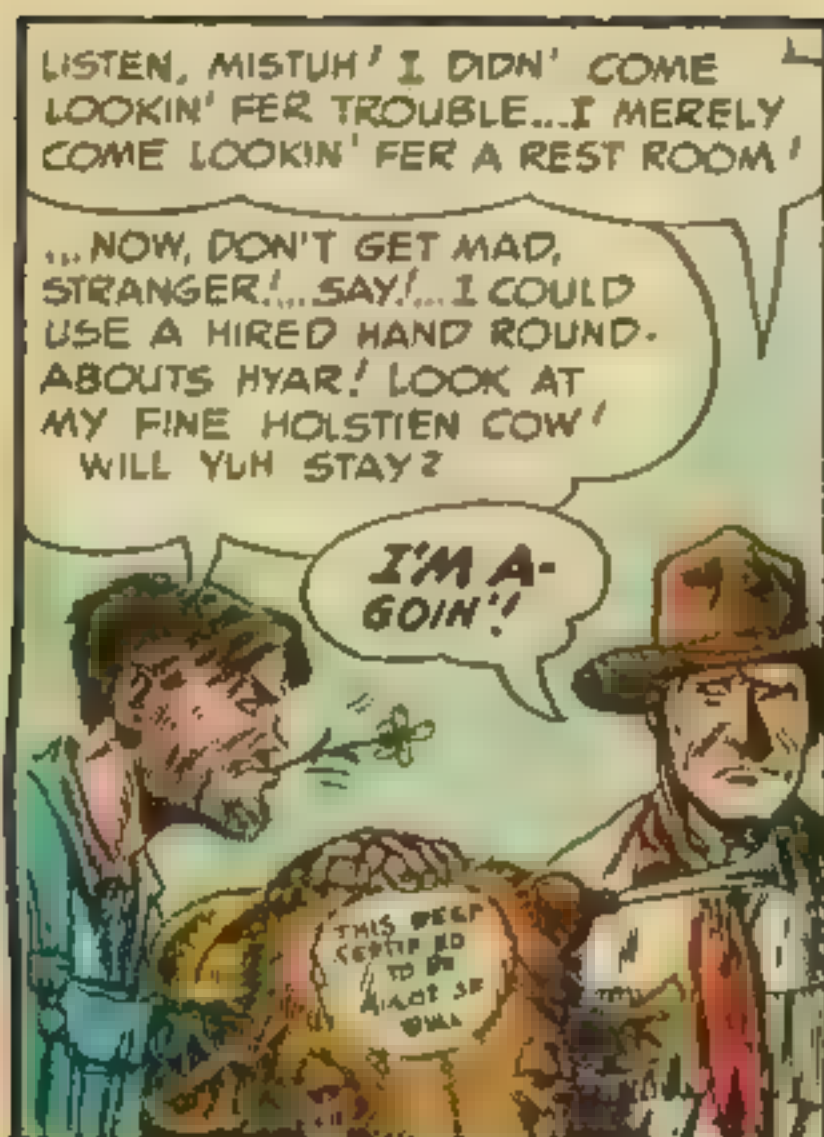
THAR'S A STRANGER
COMIN'. THAR'S SOMETHIN'
MIGHTY STRANGE 'BOUT THE
WAY HE RIDES! CAN'T EXACTLY
PUT MUH FINGER ON IT BUT
THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY
STRANGE!

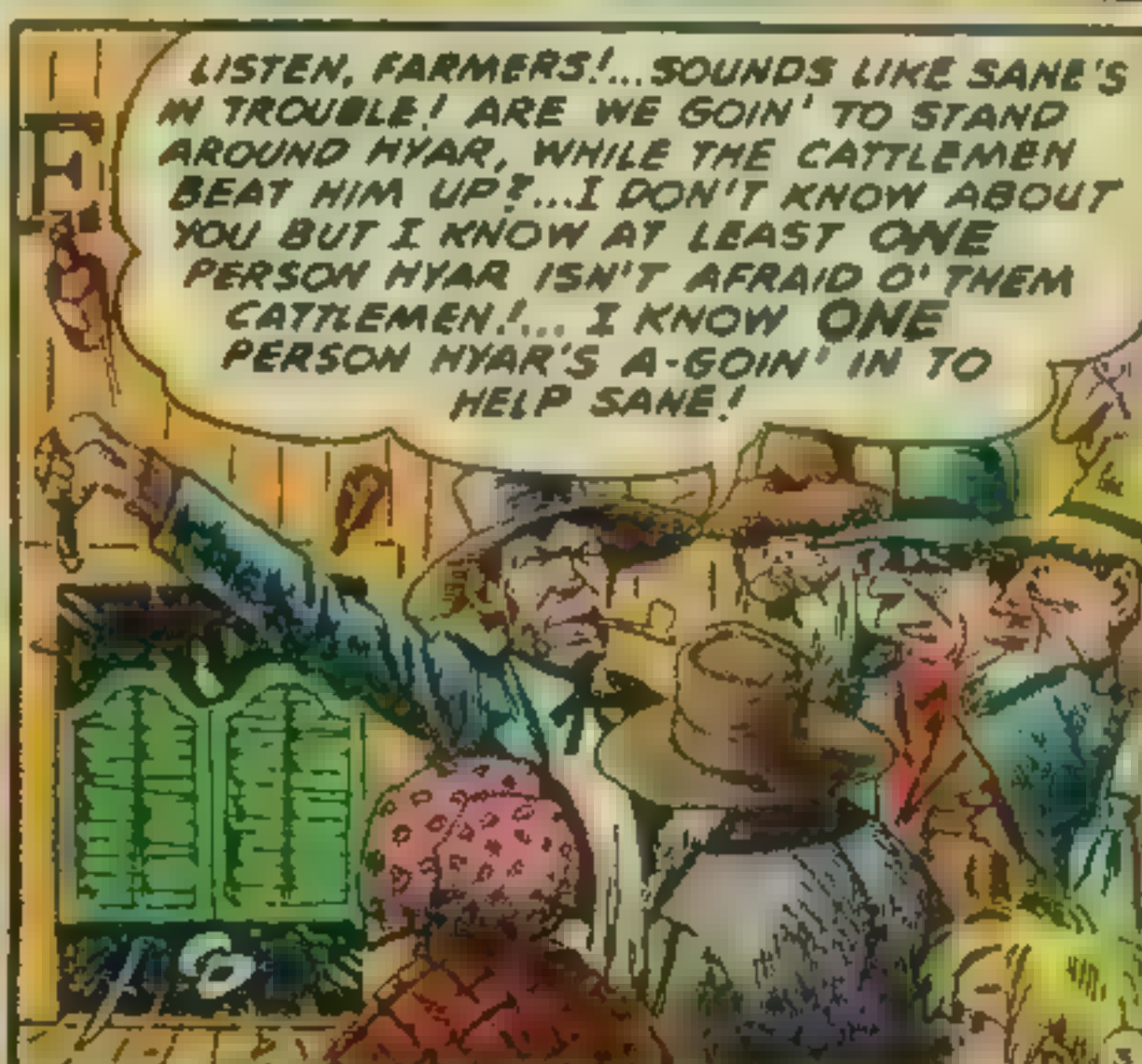
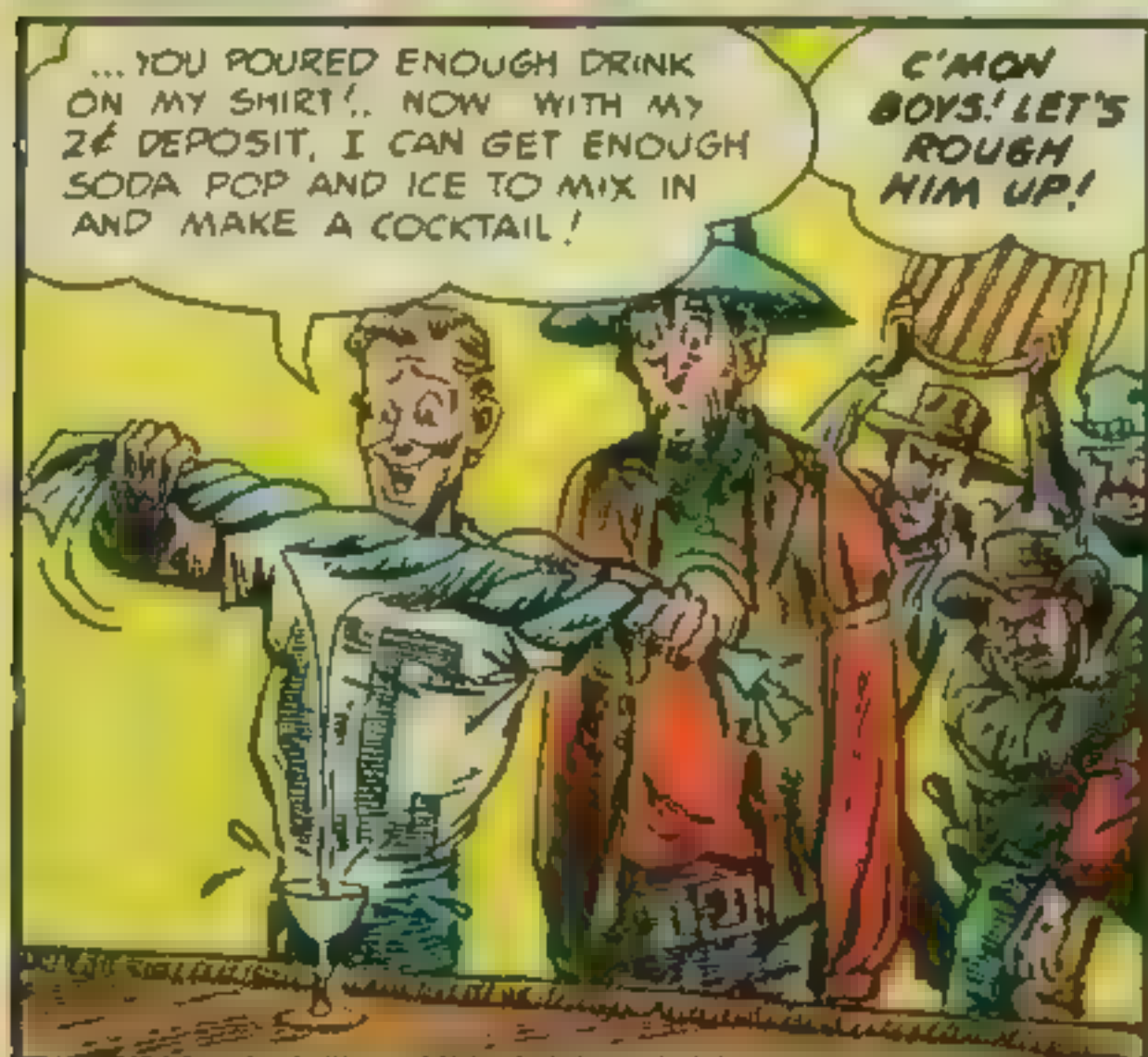
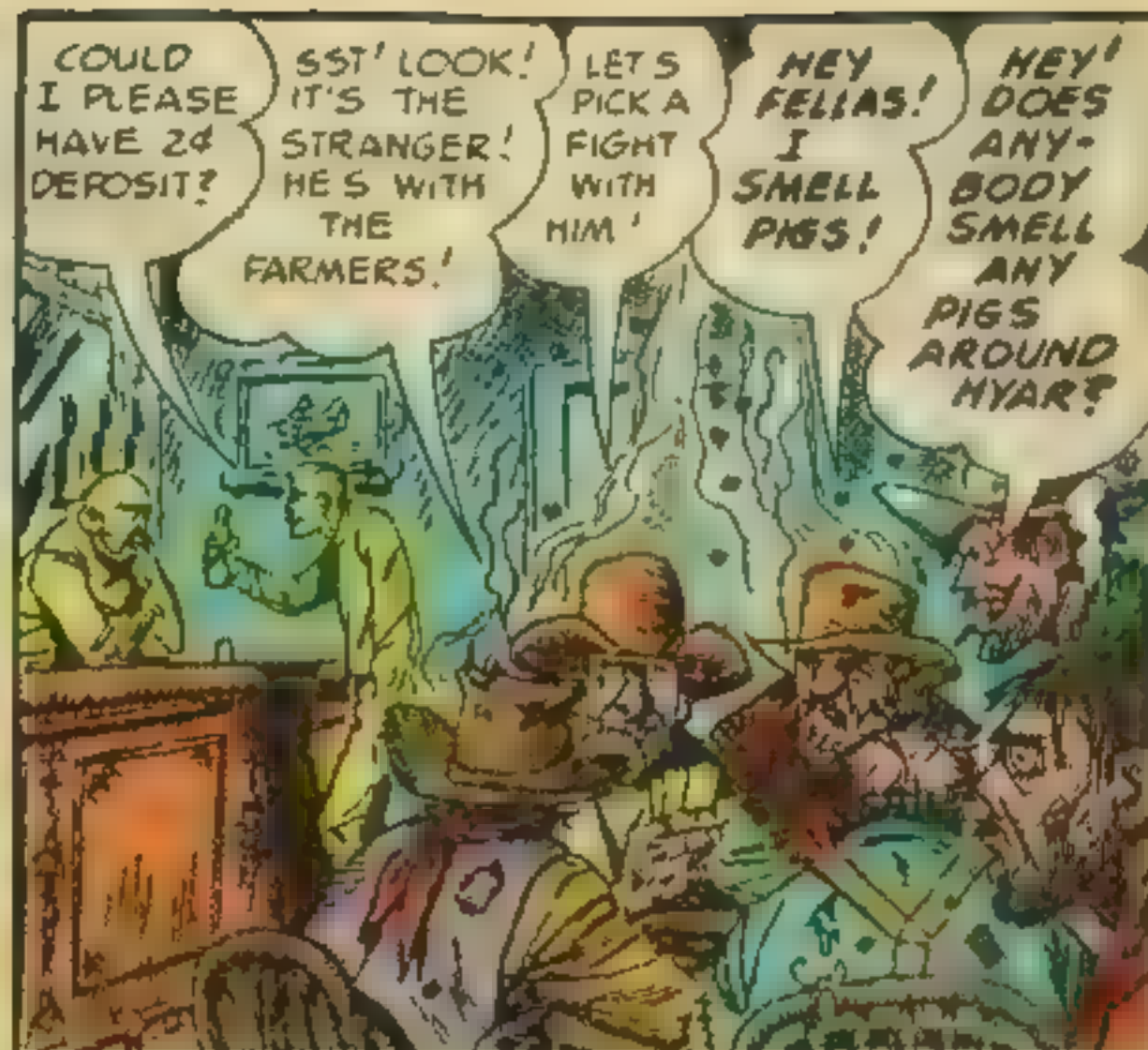
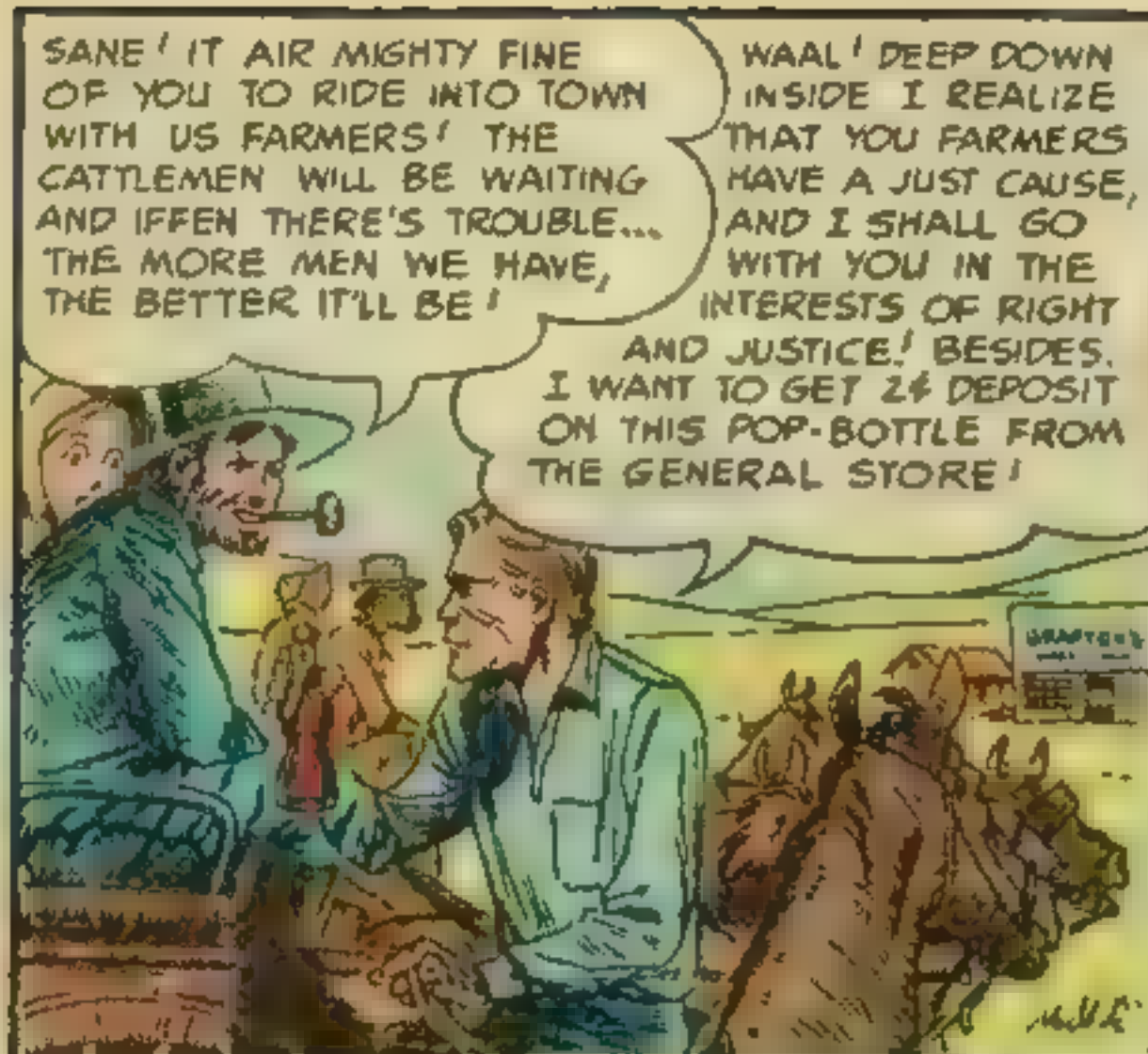


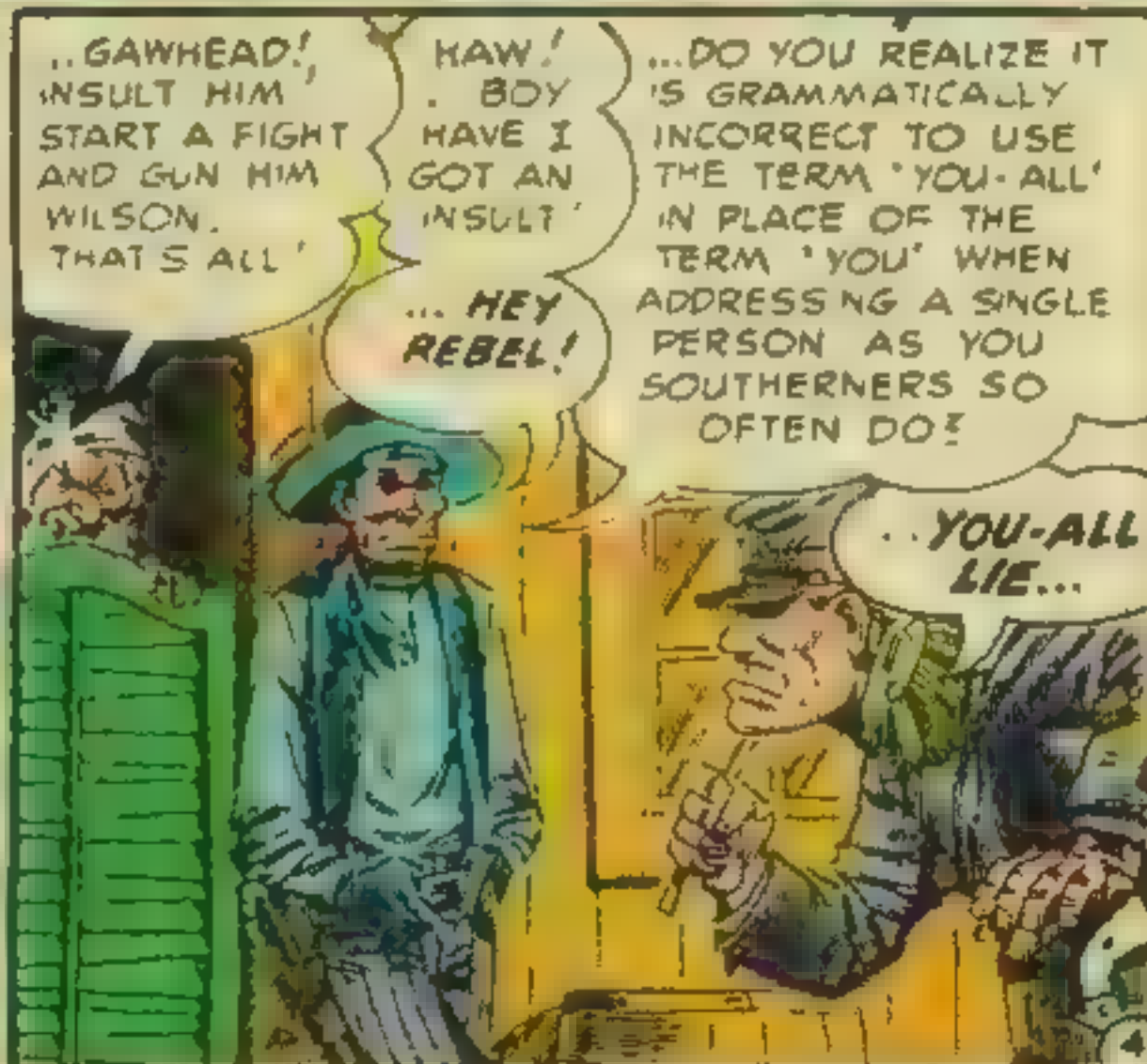
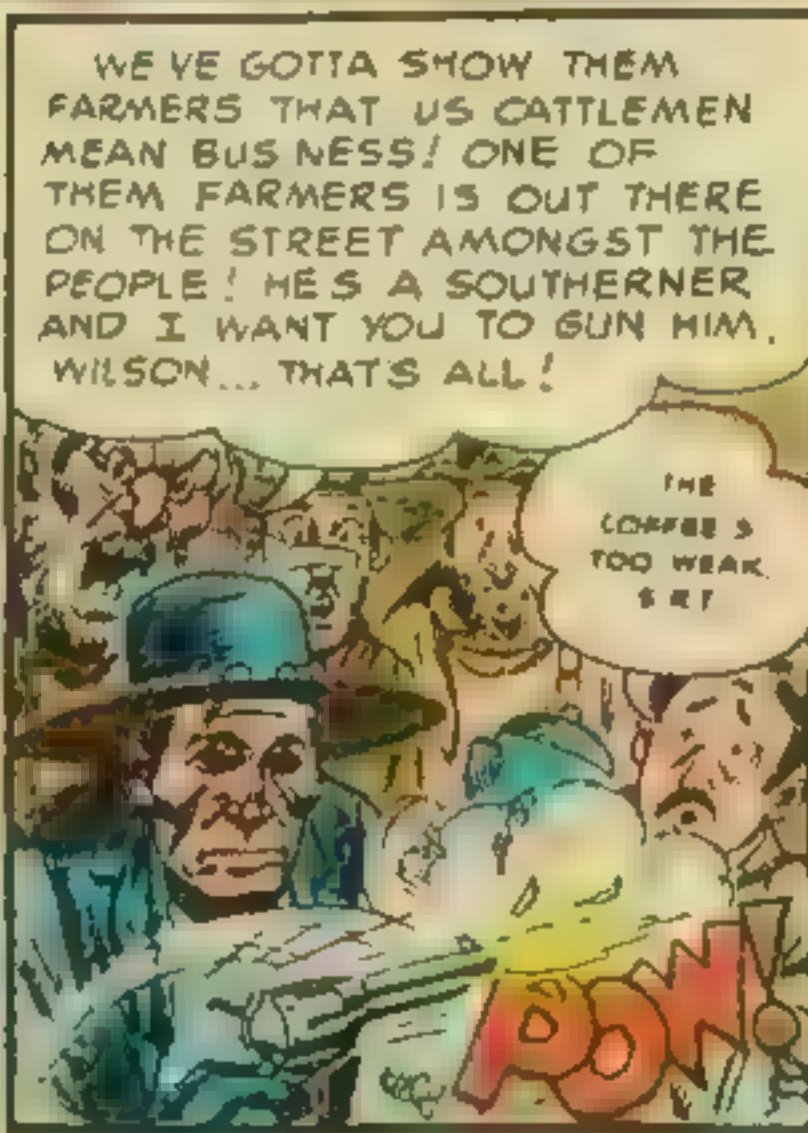
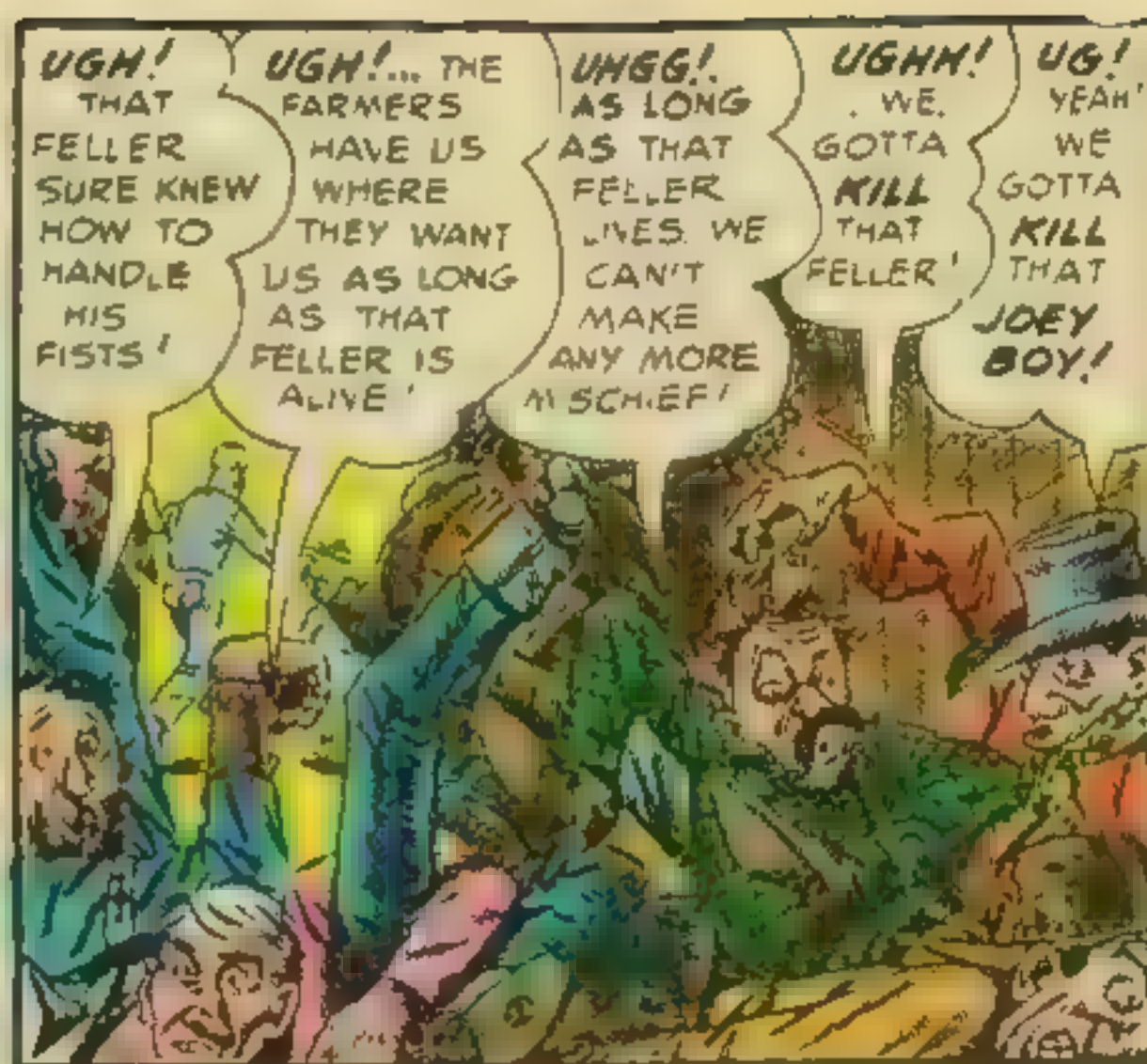
... STRANGER HALT... ONE, TWO!
STRANGER! THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY
STRANGE 'BOUT THE WAY YOU RIDE!
CAN'T EXACTLY PUT MUH FINGER ON
IT, BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY
STRANGE! YOU'RE PROBABLY
WORKING FOR THE CATTLEMEN
SO GIT OFFEN MY FARM!

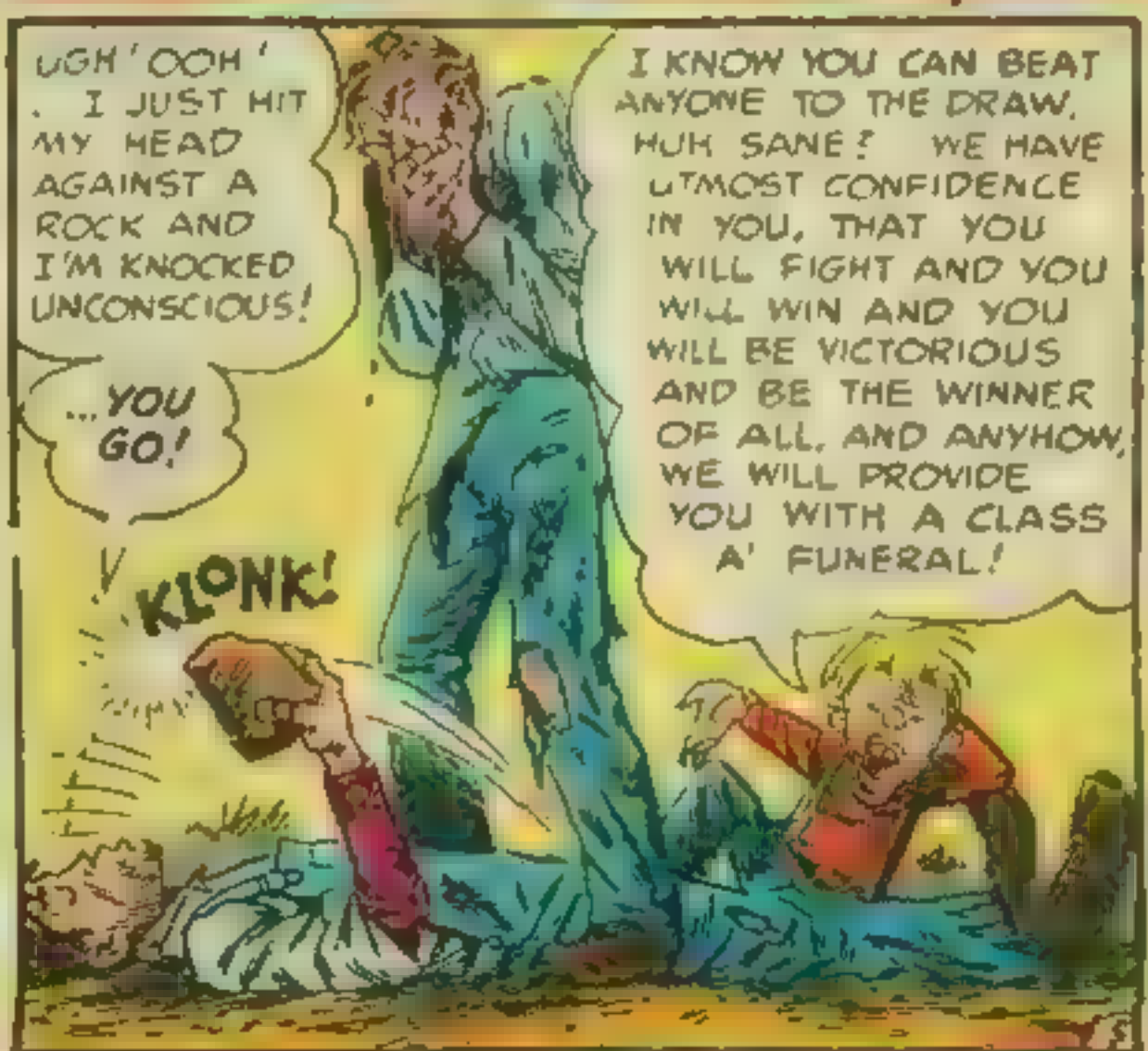
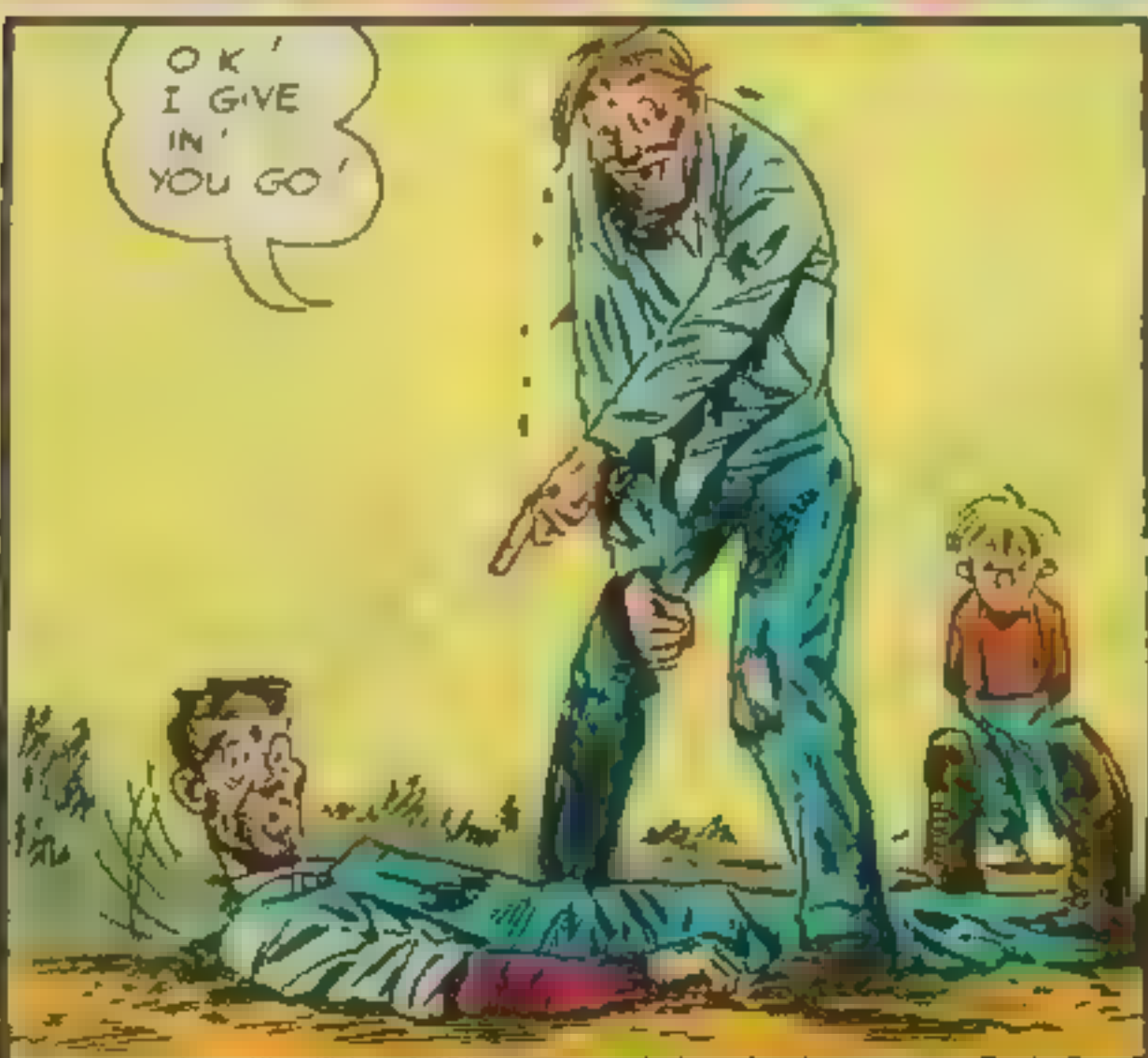
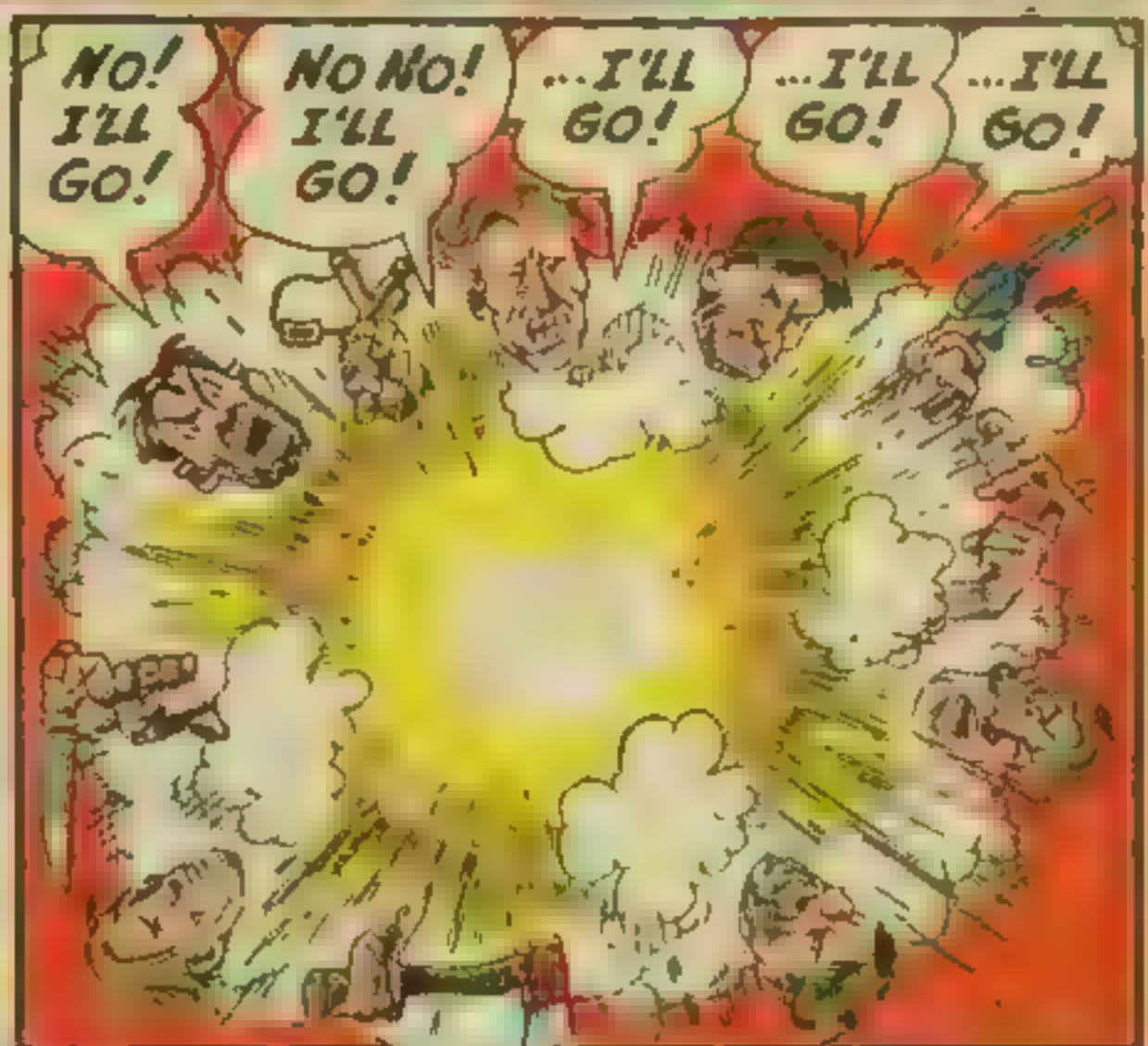
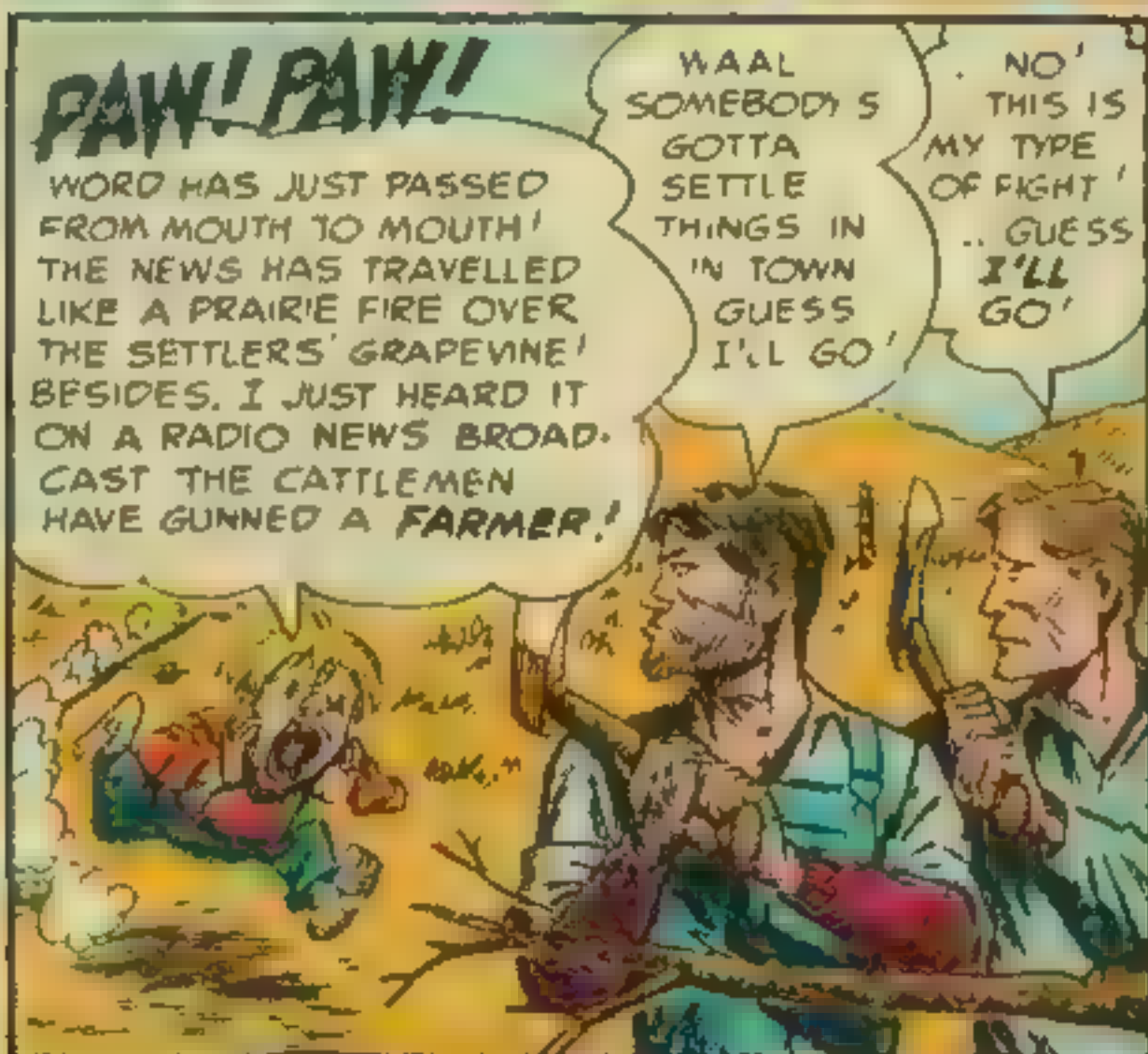
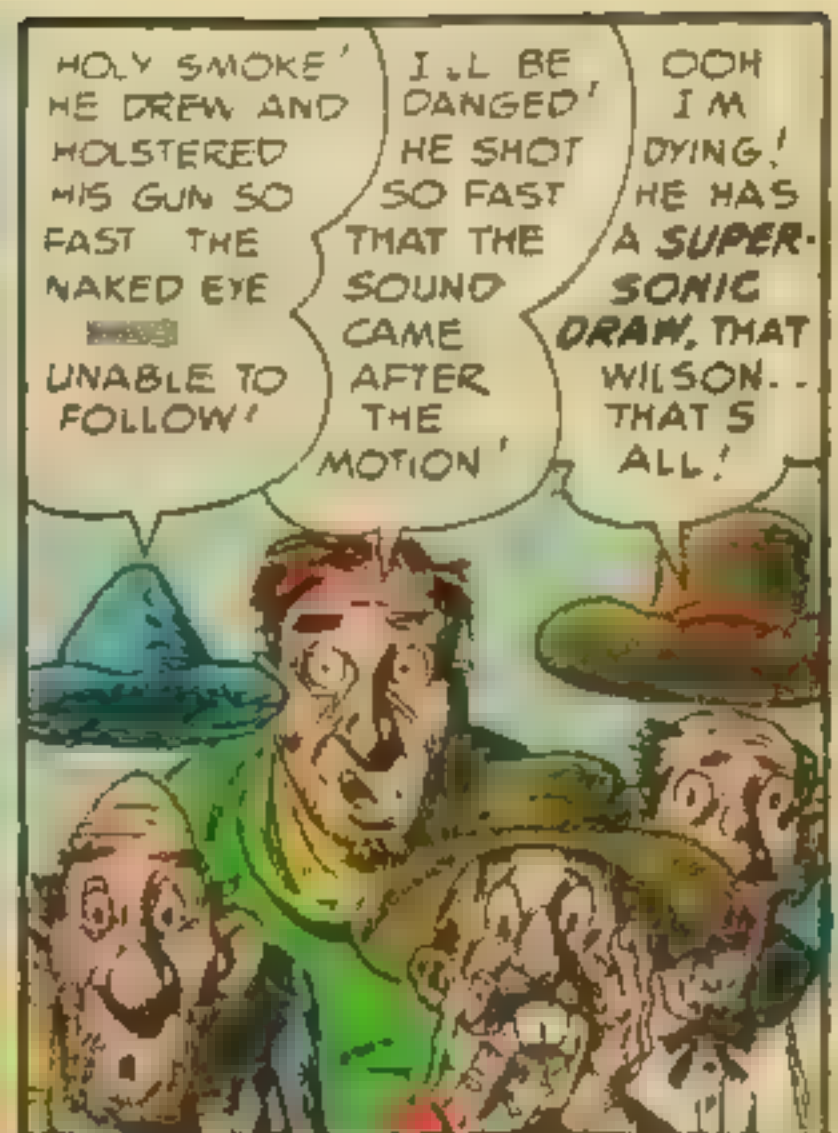
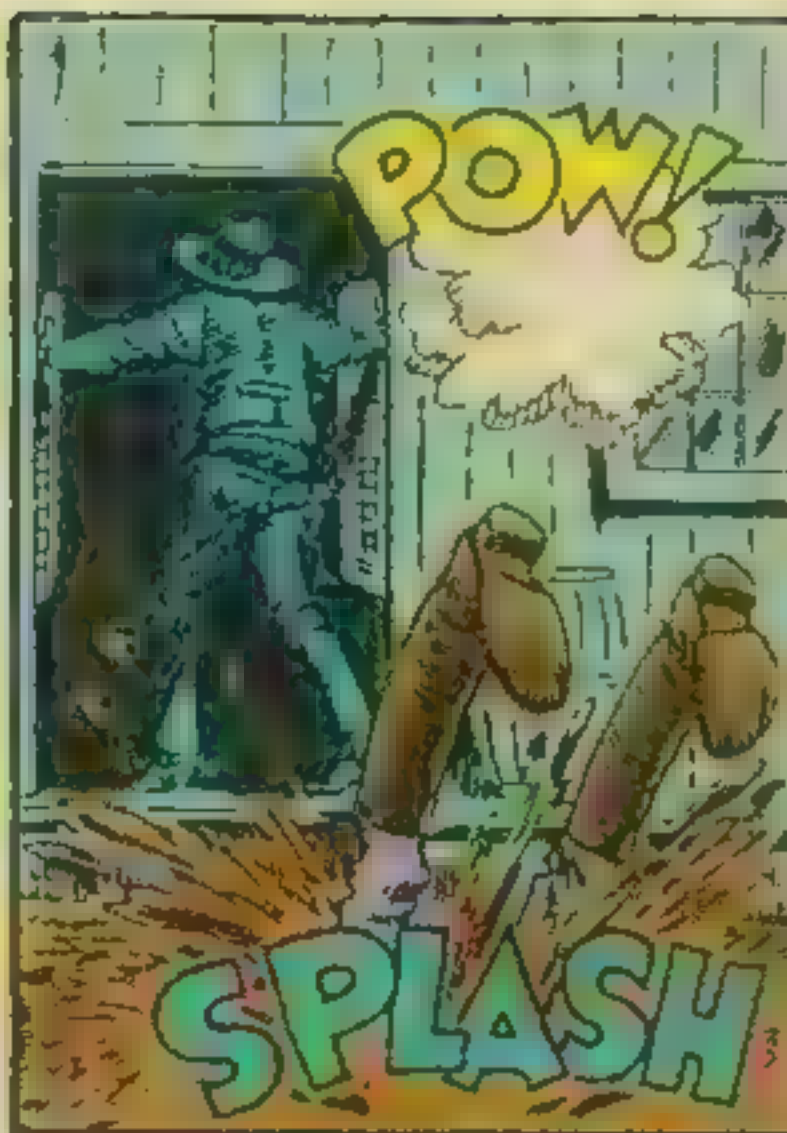
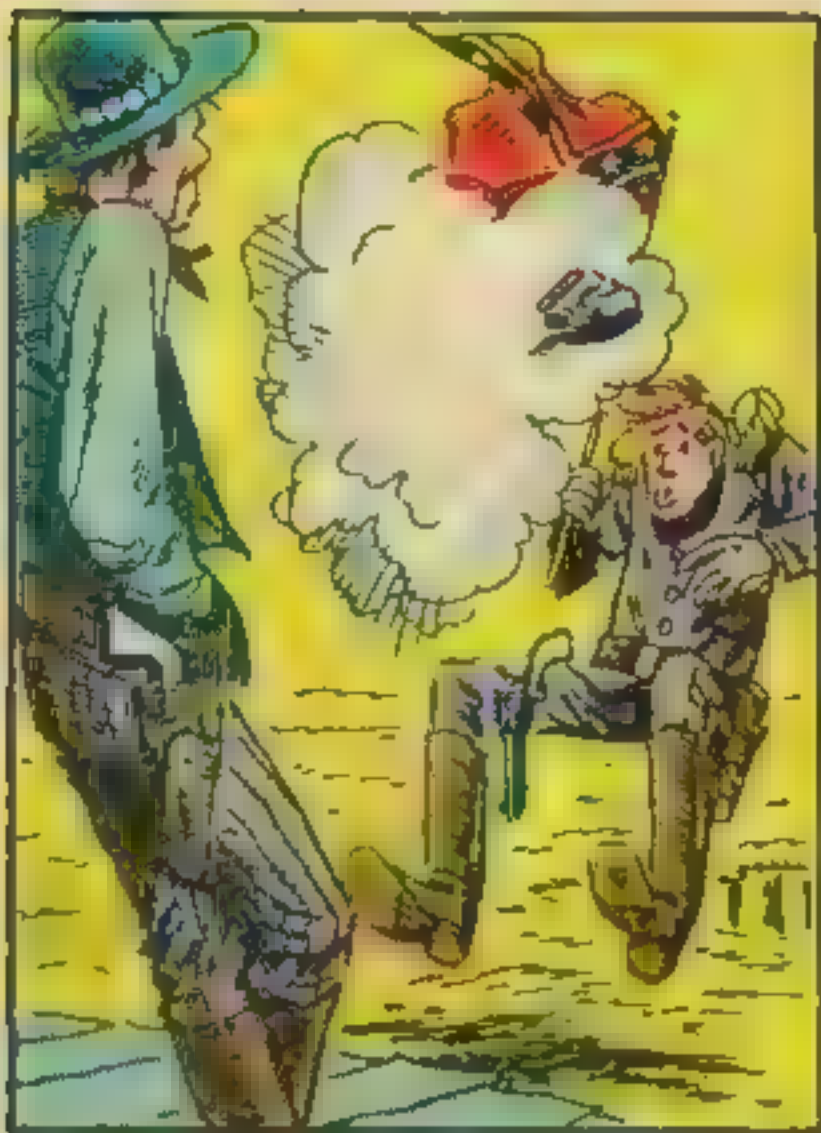
HOL' ON
BWAN!
REASON I
RIDES THIS
WAY IS SO'S
NOBODY CAN
GUN ME IN
THE BACK..

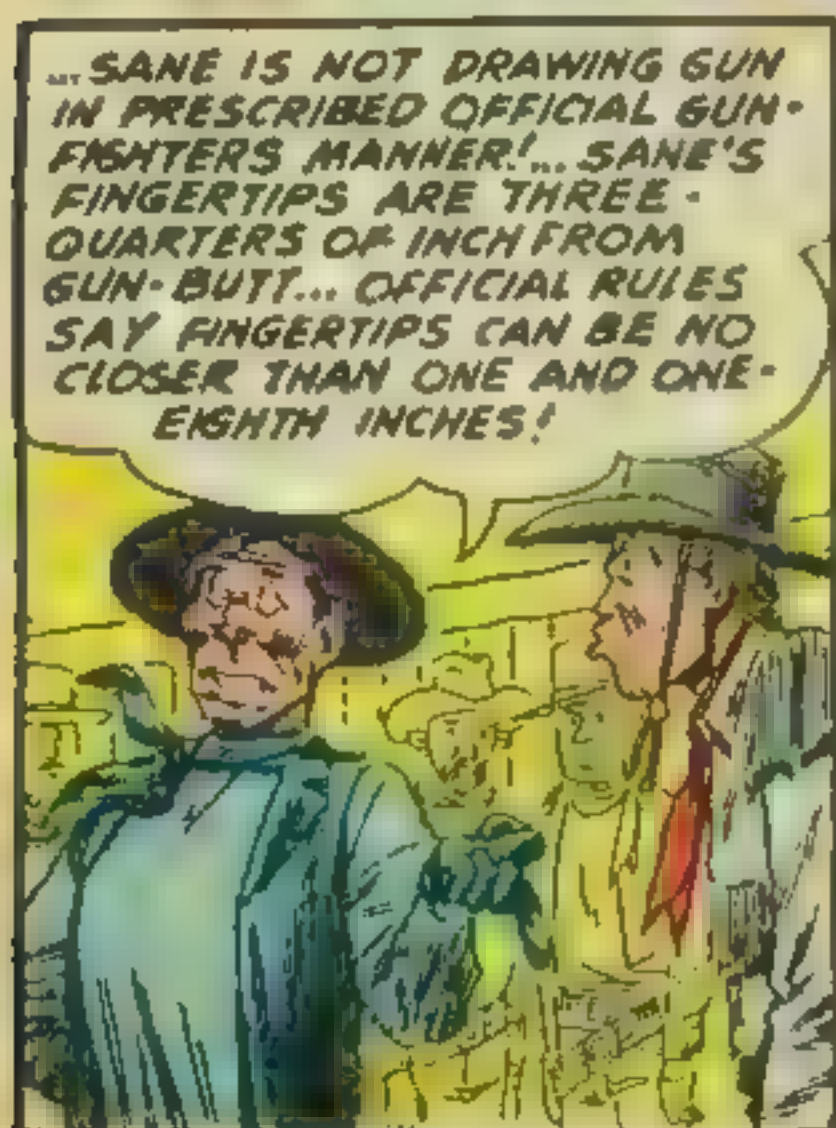
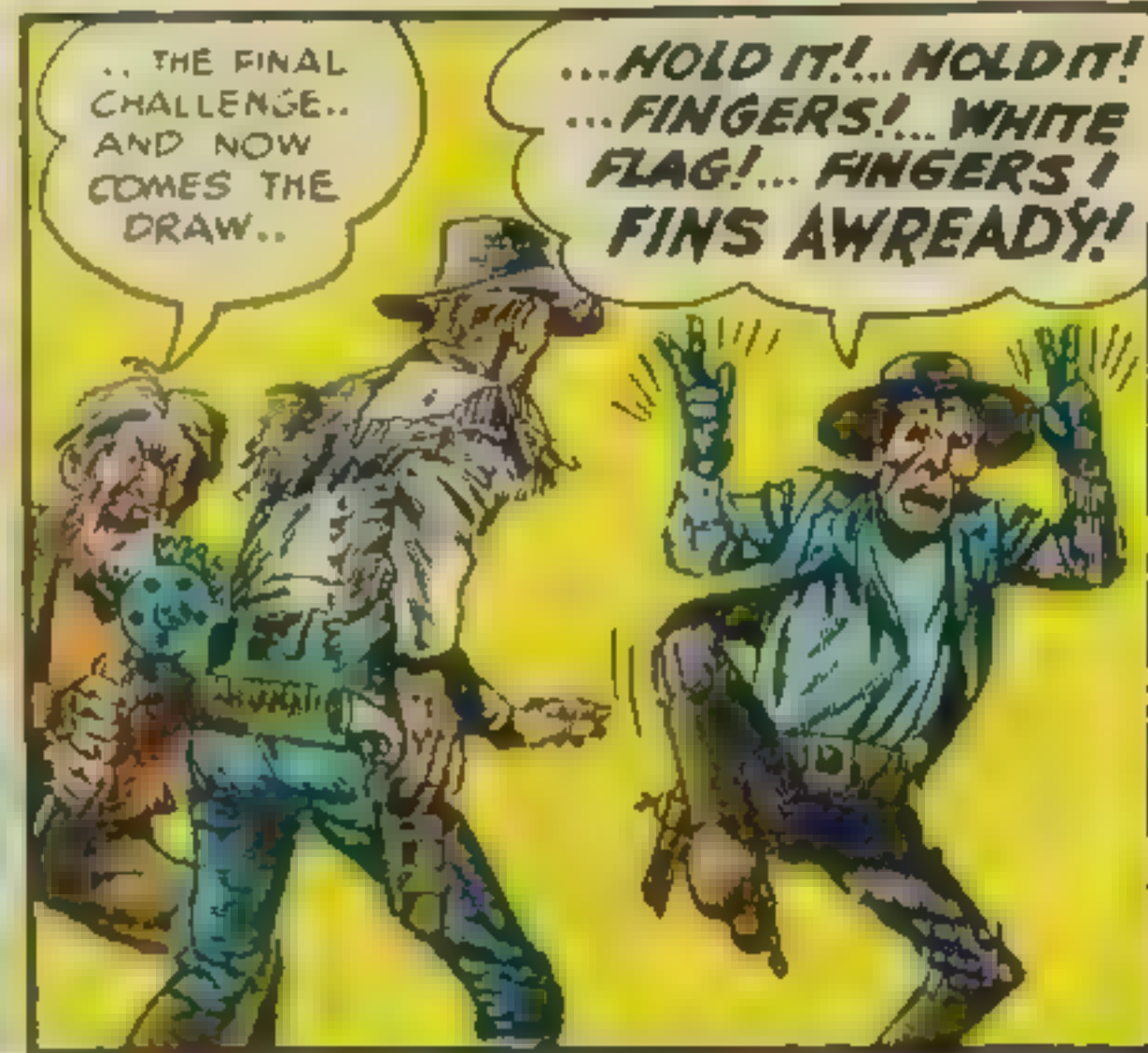
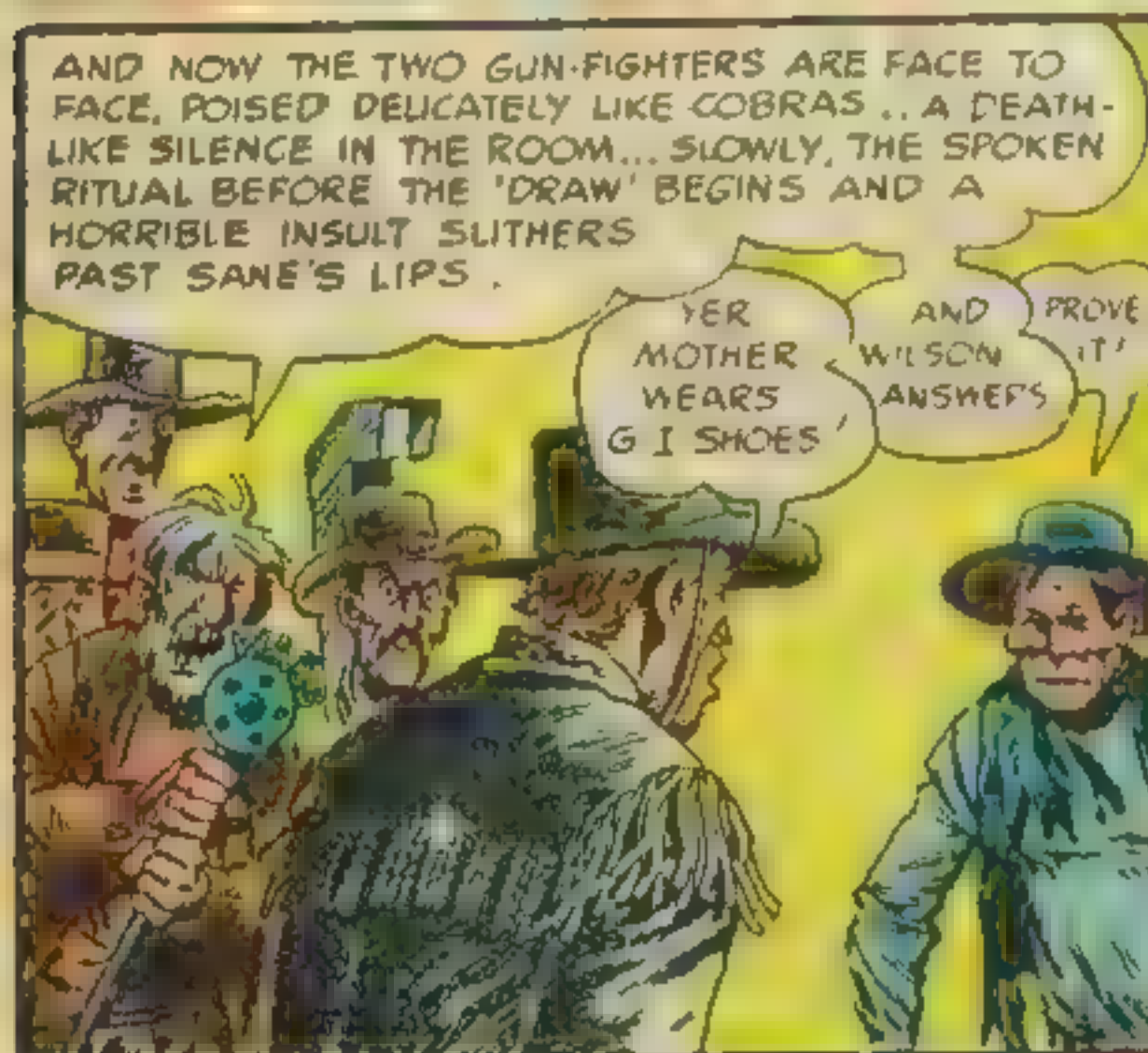
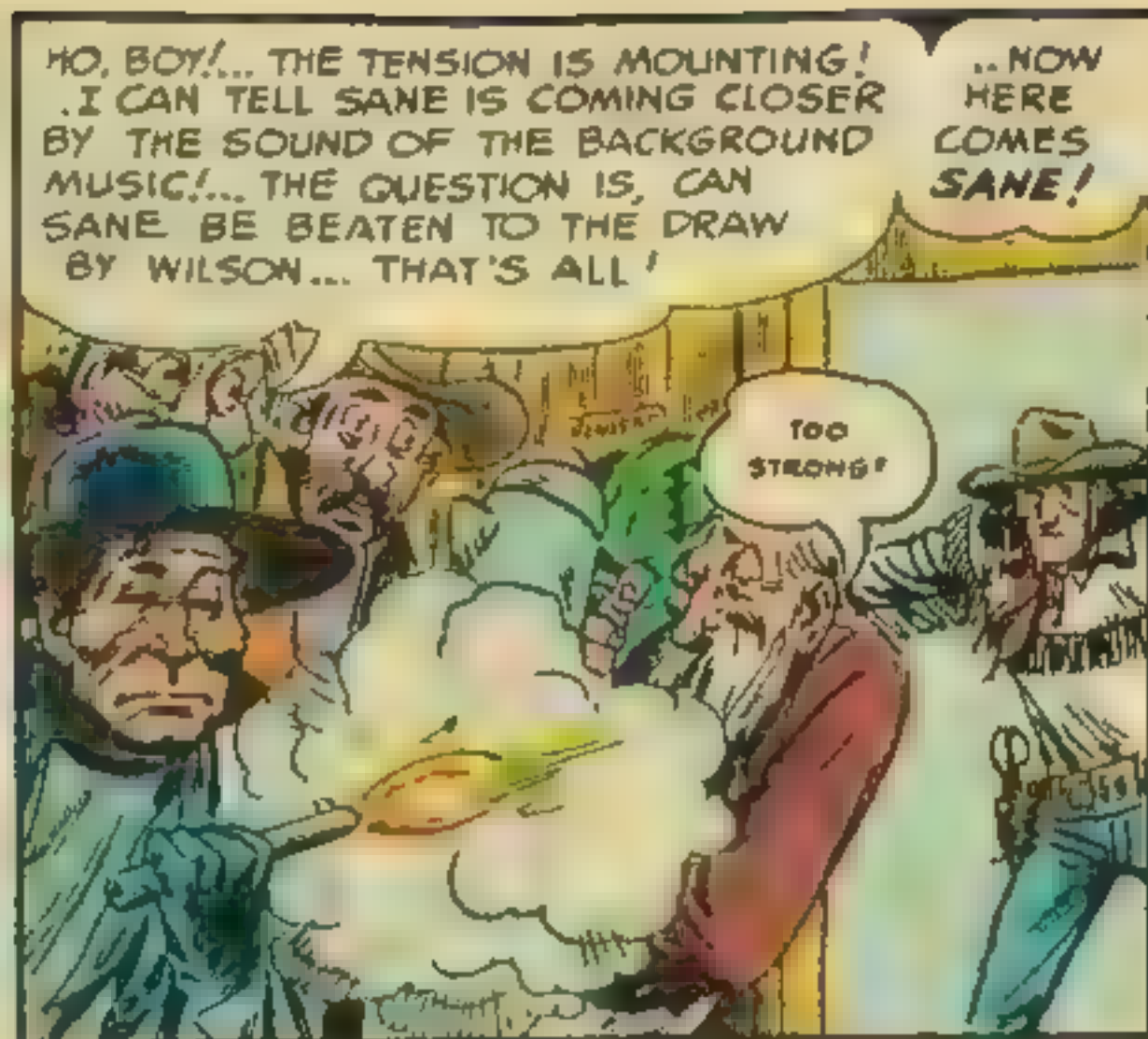
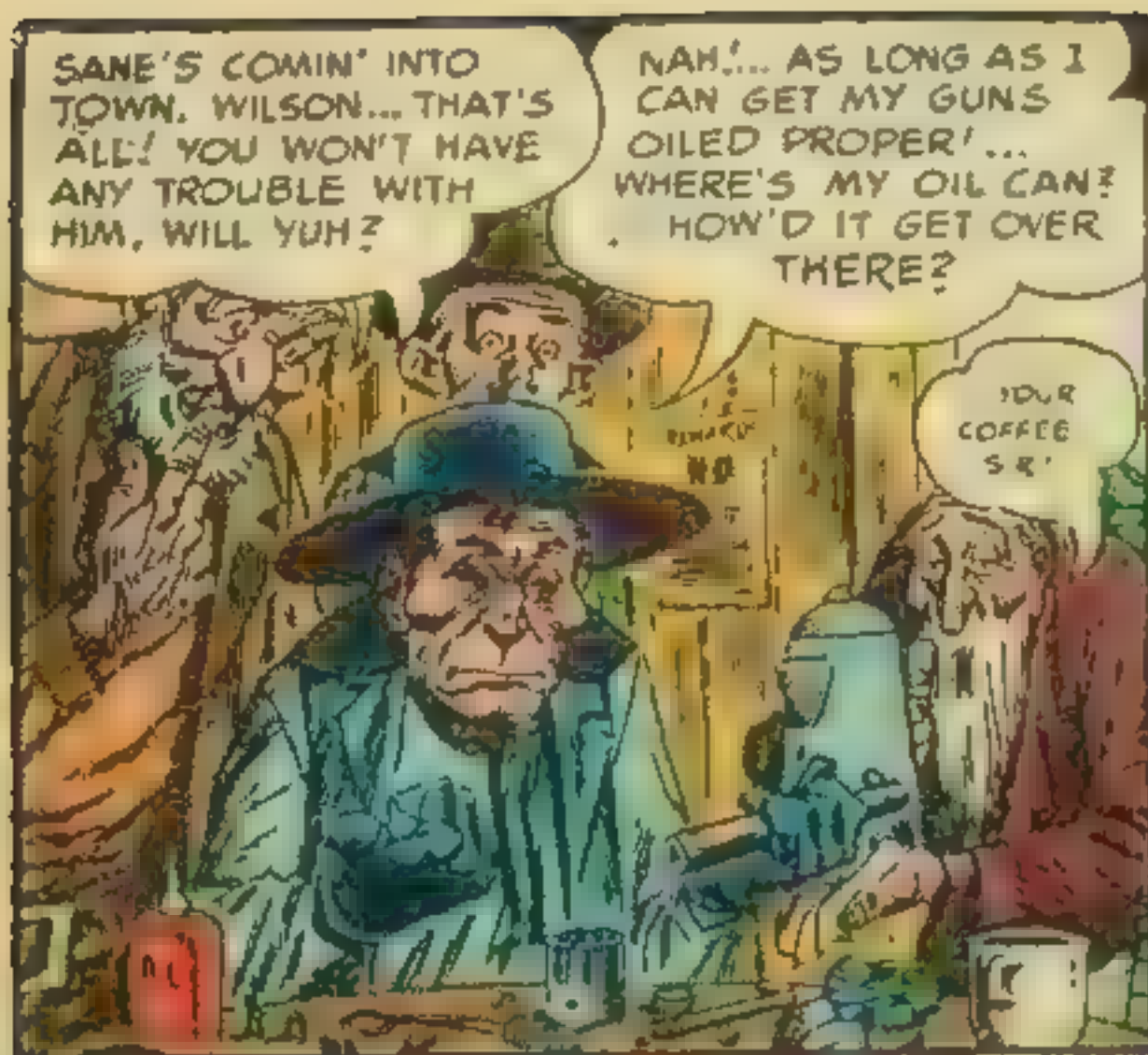


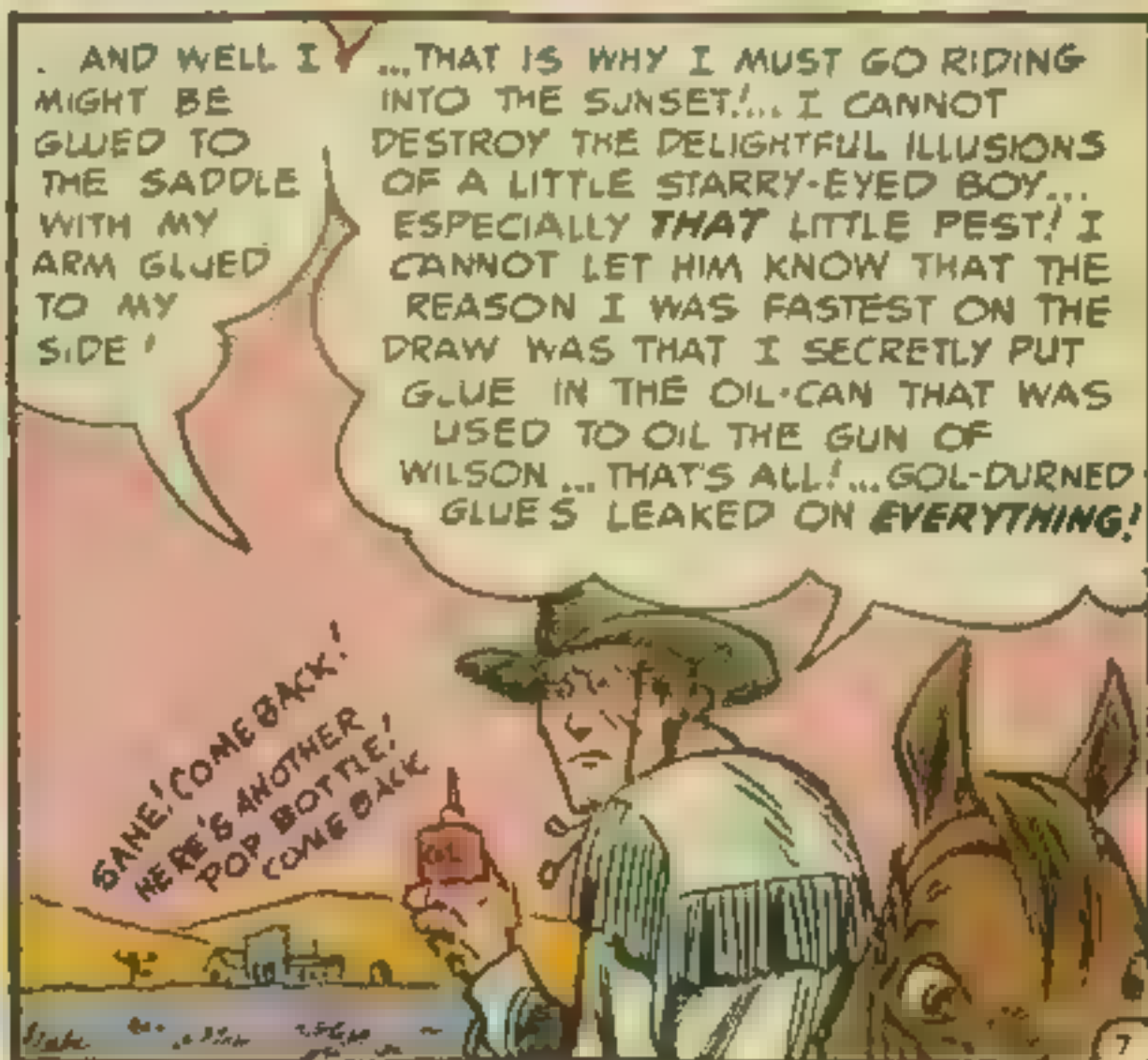
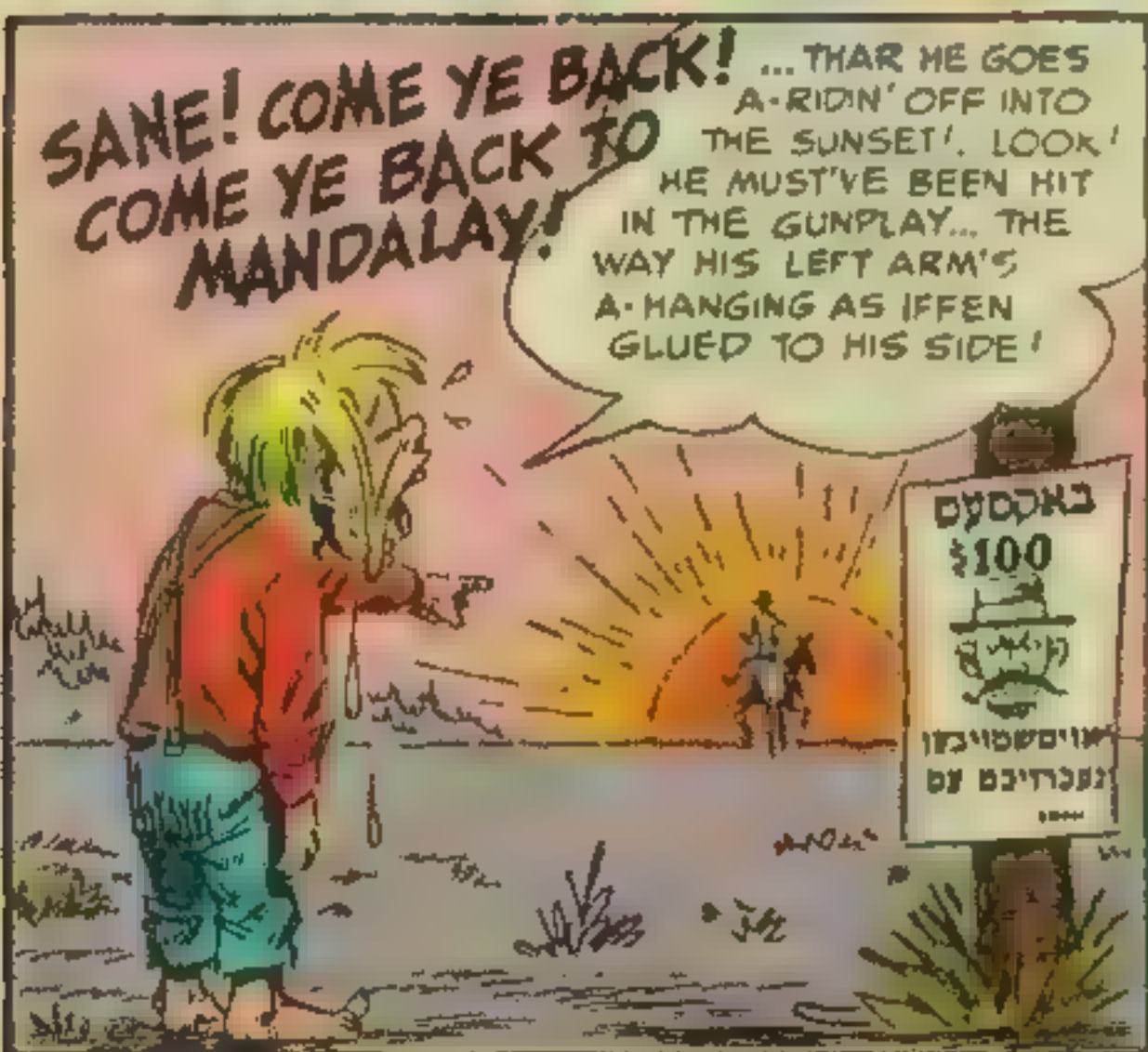
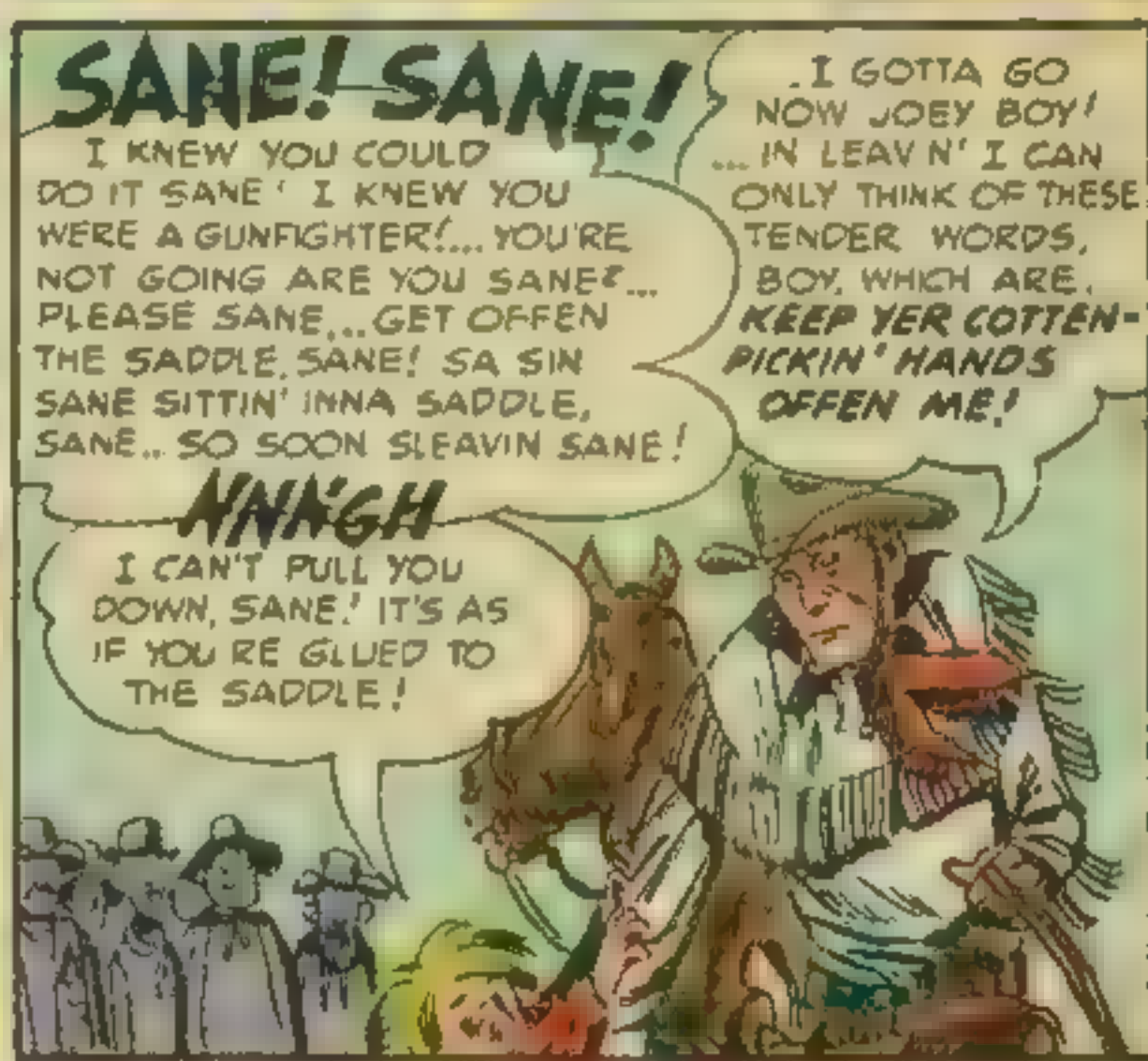
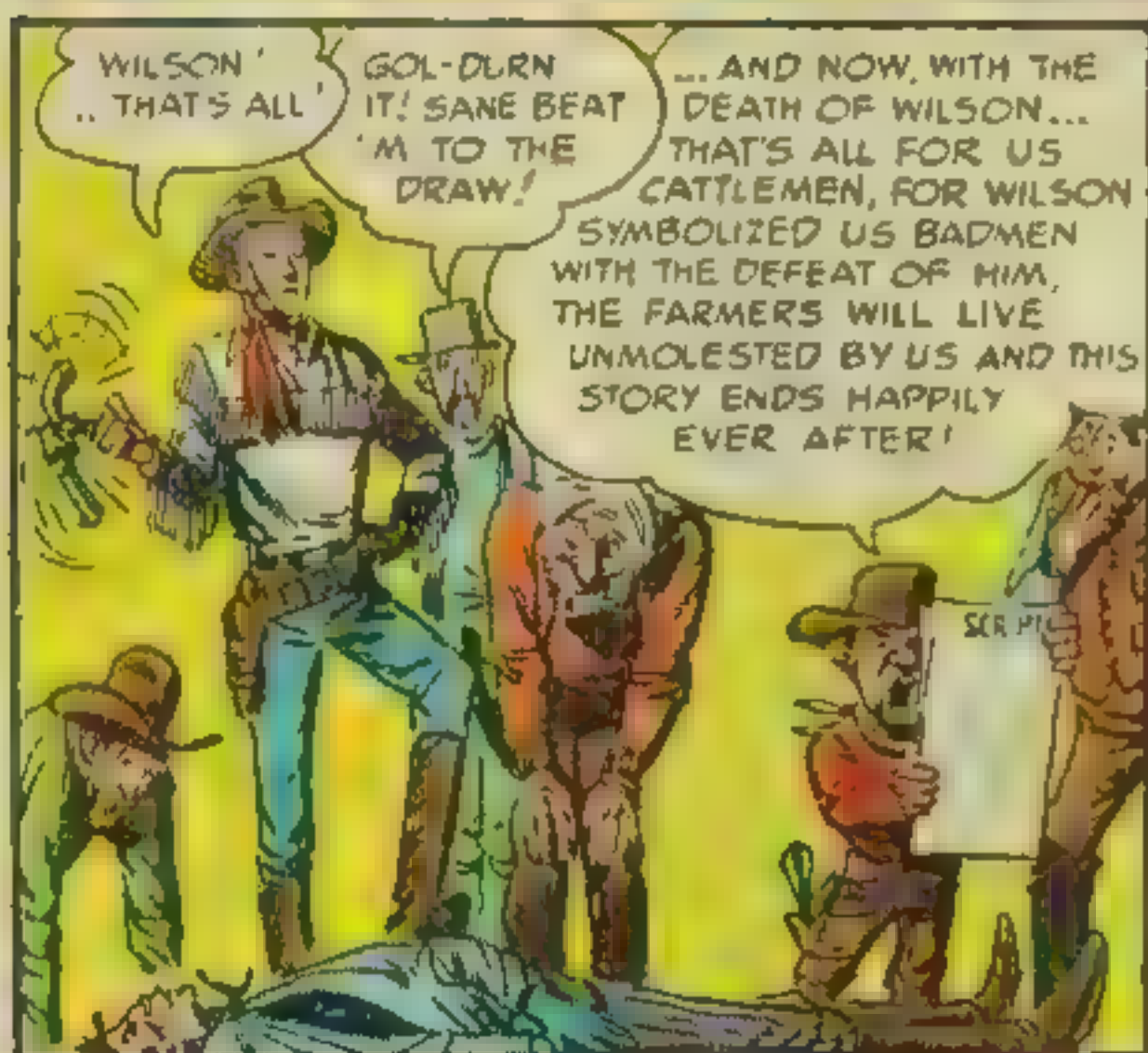






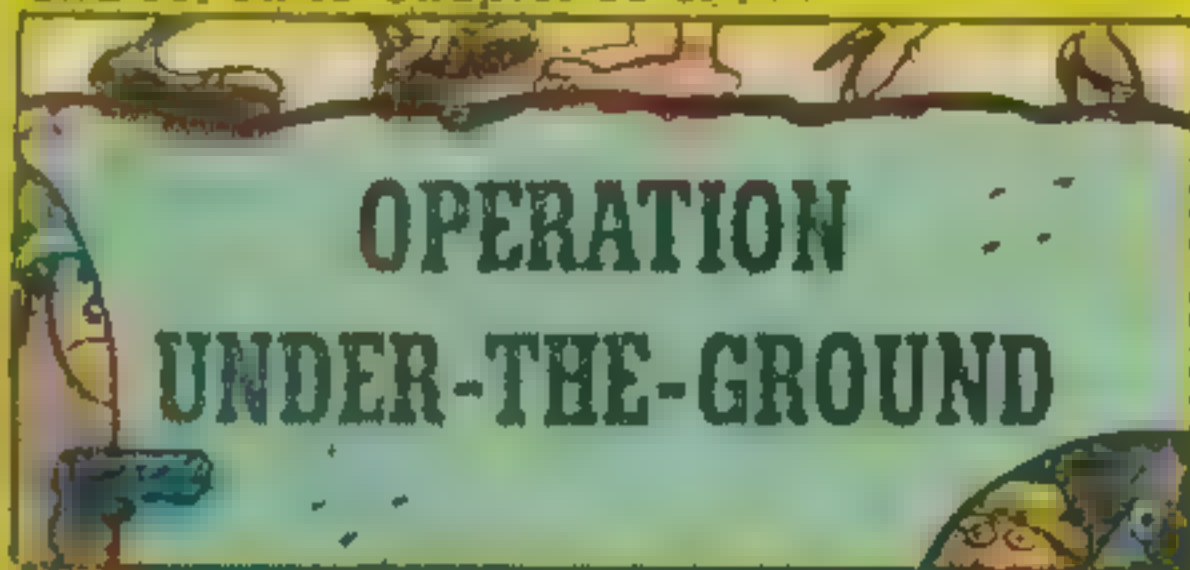






CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, chapter **THIRTY-FIVE** in the fantastic adventures of **SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!**

As you remember Jones he was scrounging around the Gremlin disguised as a spy—or was he spying around the Gremlin disguised as a scrounge? Any how when we last left Jones, he was being approached by Floppova Movova, luscious blond spy queen of the secret police. At this point Jones left, and so, on to Chapter 35 of . . .



Jones twitches his cardboard mustache at Floppova Movova. She hauls him into a bar and orders some vodka. Then he makes a big mistake. He tries to outdrink Floppova and the next minute what does he do? . . . You guessed it! . . . Floppova! Instantly, a BVD whizzes into view and drags Jones away for

drunken drinking. Floppova follows, trying in vain to tell the BVD's in short . . . (or shorts, however you prefer) that she was about to prove Jones a spy.

Jones is carted through the Gremlin gates into the office of . . . Lavrenti Buried, Chief of Police. Buried wears red flannel underwear to denote his high rank in the BVD's. The BVD's tell Buried about Jones's Floppova and Floppova's Jones!

"Take him to the torture chamber.", says Buried! "I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now."

. . . Well, now! Will Buried and his BVD's subject Jones to some horrible torture? Will the next chapter reveal the escape of Jones from Buried of the BVDs? Or will Jones be Buried IN his BVDs?

Tune in next month at this same time for chapter 4, when we will introduce a new character called Mr. Ground who backs into an electric fan and has to go to the hospital. Yes—tune in to Chapter 4 of **OPERATION UNDER GROUND**

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 213) of MAD published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1953

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Managing Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. V. E. MacAfee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1953.
Ettore De Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

[SEAL]



YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

SEND FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT TODAY. RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR 7½ X 10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER, ENCLOSE EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH 25¢ FOR EACH NAME, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER NUMBER. EACH MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL?

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my two bits! I want the things
and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want
to meet new friends like the kid's meeting!
I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE NO. _____

STATE _____

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

I am shocked at the suggestion of some of your other readers that you put out a monthly Mad. Please! Pity my poor bank account.—Clare Gottfried—Long Island, New York

Heh, heh, heh! No mercy for your money-belts from us! With this issue, Mad goes monthly.—ed

I have enjoyed many of your E.C. mags, but then along came Mad and wrecked my whole opinion of your company. I think all Mad comics should be burned and the ashes dropped into the ocean. It is a very silly, no-count book, but don't be injured too much because of my opinion. You see I work for your competitors.—Disgustingly yours—L.S./MFT

I don't understand why some people don't like Mad. I work at night and when I get home I want to read something restful to settle my nerves. Reading Mad is just like talking to my next door neighbors.—Hettie Chesney—Grave 3, Plot 35, Old Franklinton Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio—P.S. I would like to contact good, red-blooded American boys. Any living in the vicinity should drop down some evening. (Those with O type, RH negative are especially welcome.)

Meine lieben Herren

In eurem letztem magazine sie haben shvienhunt falsch geschrieben. Es ist nicht shvienhunt sondern schweinhund. Ich hoffe ihr schreibt es nicht mehr falsch in der Zukunft.—Manfred Waechter—Woodside, Long Island

I am 10 years old, a Junior at MIT, and deem Mad to be the most ghesmuuk, the most raveningly ls-chaa, aroummp publication ever produced on Terra. I am an alert, amiable, personable, likeable, tidy, neat, orderly, courteous, clean-living, 100% green-blooded Venusian kid, and all I got to say is: Your old lady sucks chicken-guts!—Melvin Talpida—Woolworth, Tenn.

Please tell me what in the world "Furshlugginer" means.—Larry E. Lingle E M F N.—c/o F.P.O., New York, New York

It means the same as Petriebe.—ed

GRIPE DEPARTMENT: I've got glubbins of the glibbins. I'm a casket case. I'm living in a Mad world! Wottam,goingtode? Up until yesterday, I was a sweet, innocent, woolly lamb. I nubbled my own little patch of greens. I ventured not, I wanted not. But it all changed. Some character came into my Inner Sanctum and thrust an (ugh!) Comic Book on my heretofore unblemished

desk. (For the record: I don't read 'em!) I glared, I sneered, I was aloof. Then I made my first mistake: I picked it up. It was Mad! My second mistake followed my first: I read it. My third mistake followed the first two (and this one cost me money): I subscribed. Not only am I leaving myself open to MADness, but I'm wanting a shoulder patch for my strapless office suits. I'm a FAN-ADDICT!—Gwynne DeCoverly—Chicago, Illinois

Finally your completely untalented and unoriginal rivals have come out with imitations of Mad. One of the largest comic houses came out with two Mad imitations, both monthly, with seven inside pages of paid ads to your one, although the mags have the same amount of pages. Another company came out with an equally sad imitation, in 3-D yet, at two-bits a throw. These are probably just the beginning of a long line of imitations yet to come. There oughta be a law!—Ed Spiegel—Troy, New York

How about a bio on your color artist?—Roger Schenkman—Santa Monica, California

Marie Severin, our colorist, is one of the unsung heroes down here at E.C., and some day we intend to devote a page to describing her efforts. Let it suffice to say here that the talented Marie has been and is responsible for all the color you see in the whole line of E.C. publications, and you'll excuse us for being slightly prejudiced, but we think that our Marie is the best comic book colorist in the U.S.A.—ed

Before going into the commercials . . . be advised there is a two page feature about E.C. Publisher and Managing Editor Bill Gaines in the first issue of a new "vest-pocket" size magazine called TOPS, dated March 1954 . . . and scheduled to hit the stands around the end of January. Feature includes Bill's picture . . . and a few panel reproductions from Shock SuspensStories (Of considerably more interest is the center spread of many, many beautiful girls!)

Second issue of PANIC is on the stands! Good try! (Sub coupon on preceding page!) Fan-Addict Club membership about ten thousand at this writing. (Details on inside front cover!) Subscription to this rag . . . one buck for 8 issues! Address for comments, sub orders, etc. is:

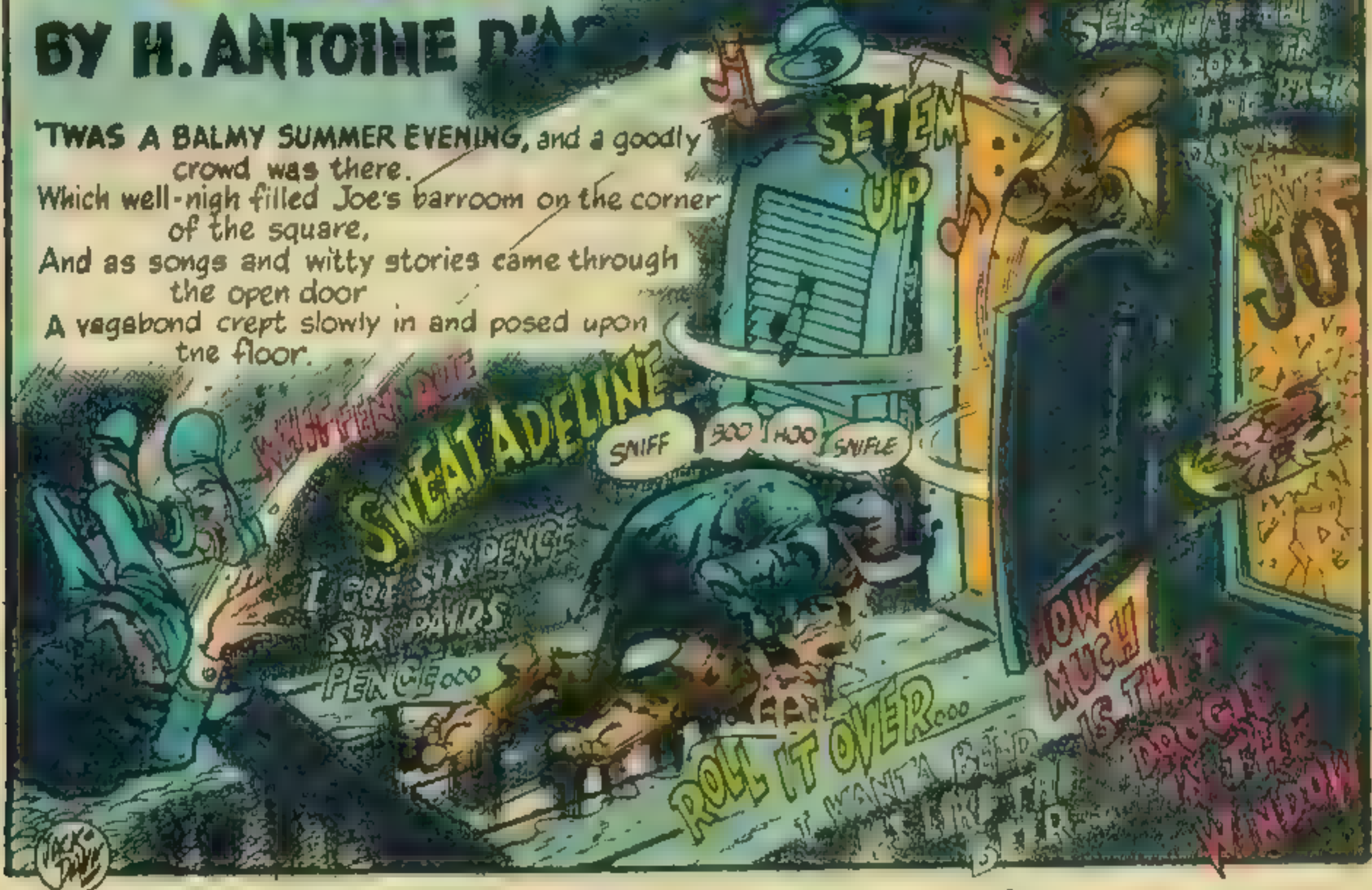
Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 10
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12

POETRY DEPT.: THERE IS A FAMOUS POEM WHOSE NAME IS USED NO MORE! YOU'VE HEARD OF IT BY TITLE IT REALLY NEVER WORE (... AND IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD...WELL, KID, YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE SCORE!)...AS TIME HAS PASSED, THE NEWER NAME HAS SUBSTITUTED FOR...THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR FOR...

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR!

BY H. ANTOINE D'AD

'T'WAS A BALMY SUMMER EVENING, and a goodly
crowd was there.
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner
of the square,
And as songs and witty stories came through
the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon
the floor.



"Where did it come from?" someone said: "The wind has blown it in."

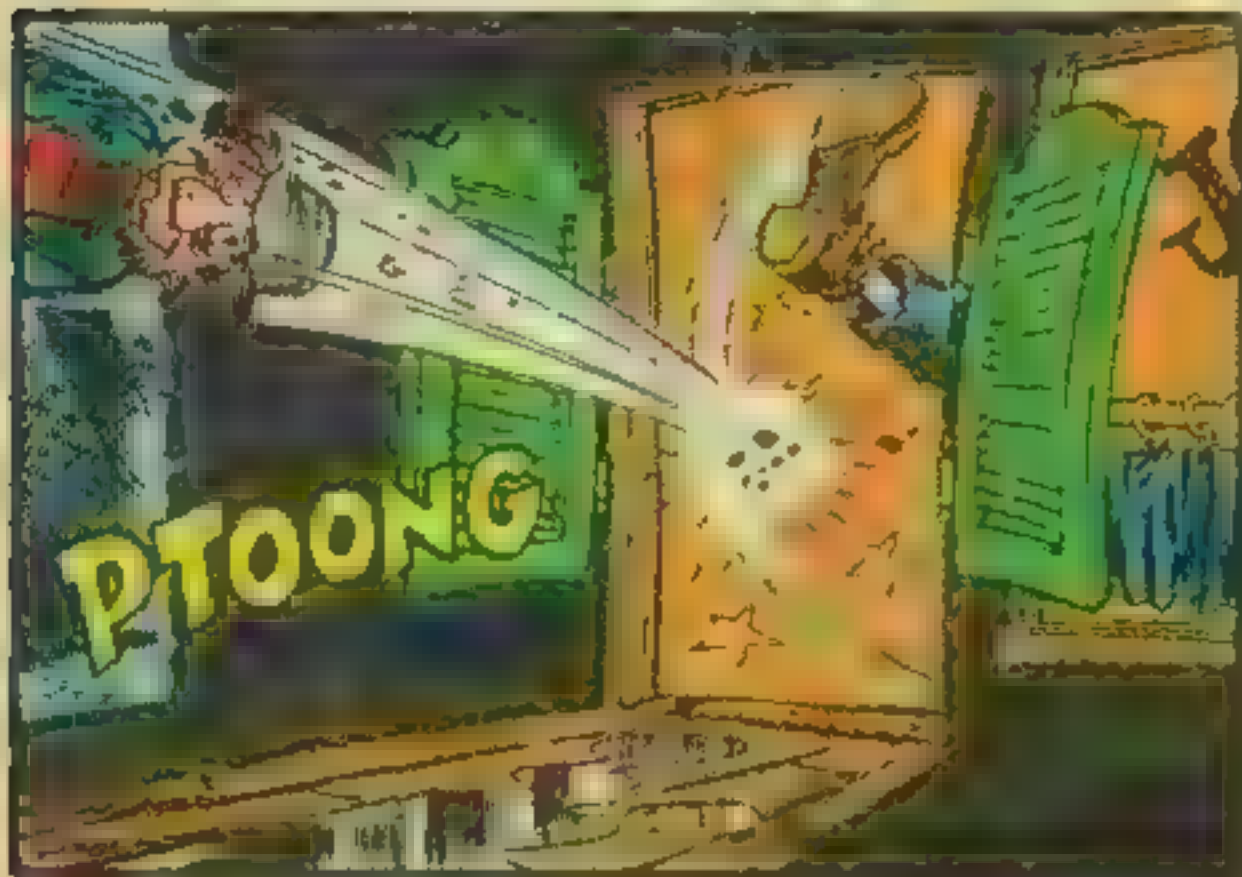
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whisky, rum or gin?"

"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal
to the work —

I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk."



This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical
good grace;
In fact, he smiled as though he thought he'd struck
the proper place . . .



'Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so
good a crowd —
To be in such good company would make a deacon
proud



'Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of
funds, you know;
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand
was never slow

"What? You laugh as though you thought th's
pocket never held a sou,
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as anyone of
you.



'There thanks that's braced me nicely, God bless you
one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make
another call

'Give you a song? No I can't do that, my singing
days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my
lungs are going fast.



Say: Give me another whisky, and I'll tell
what I'll do —

I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise
too.

'That I was ever a decent man not one of you
would think;

But I was, some four or five years back. Say give
me another drink.

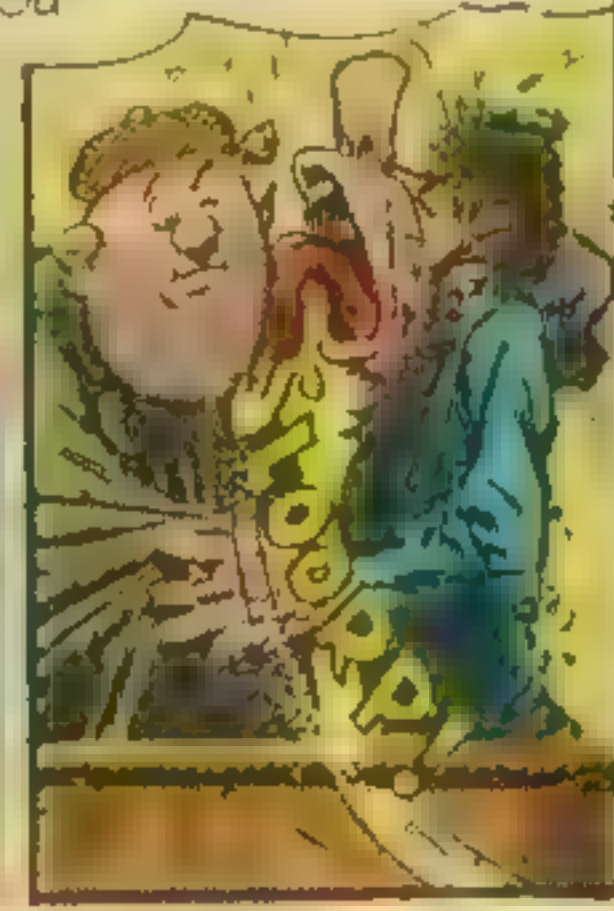
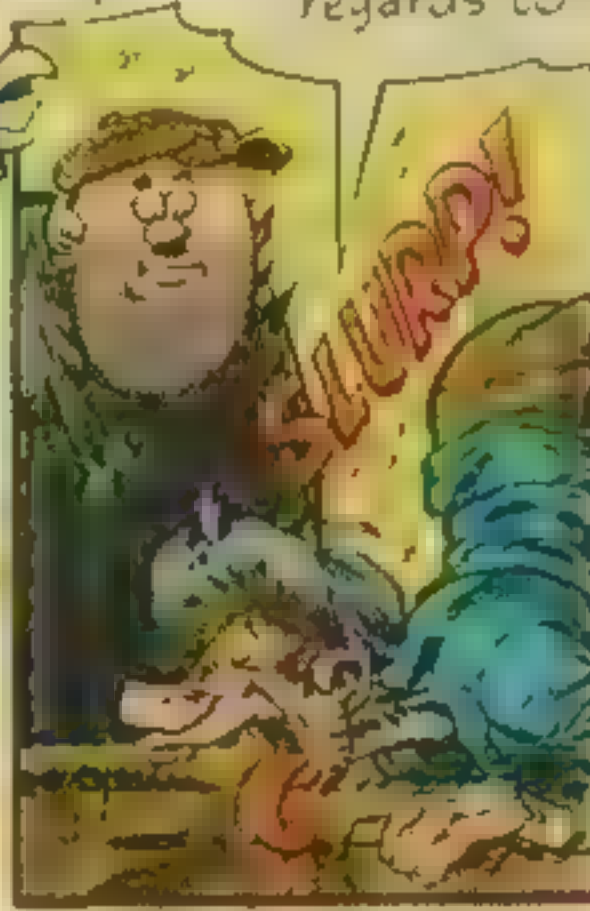


'Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my
frame —

Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably
tame;

Five fingers — there that's the scheme — and
corking whisky, too.

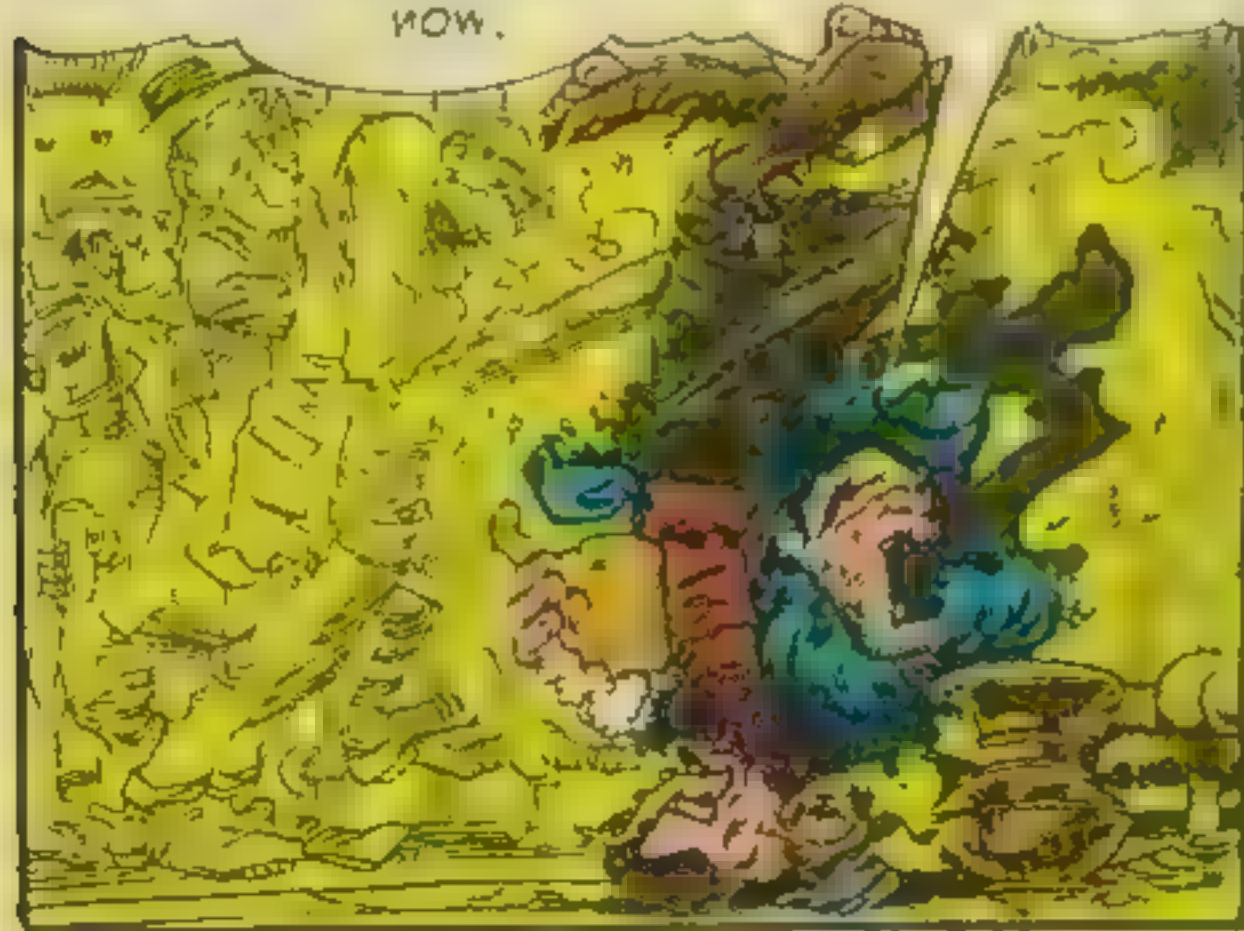
Well, here's luck, boys and andlord my best
regards to you



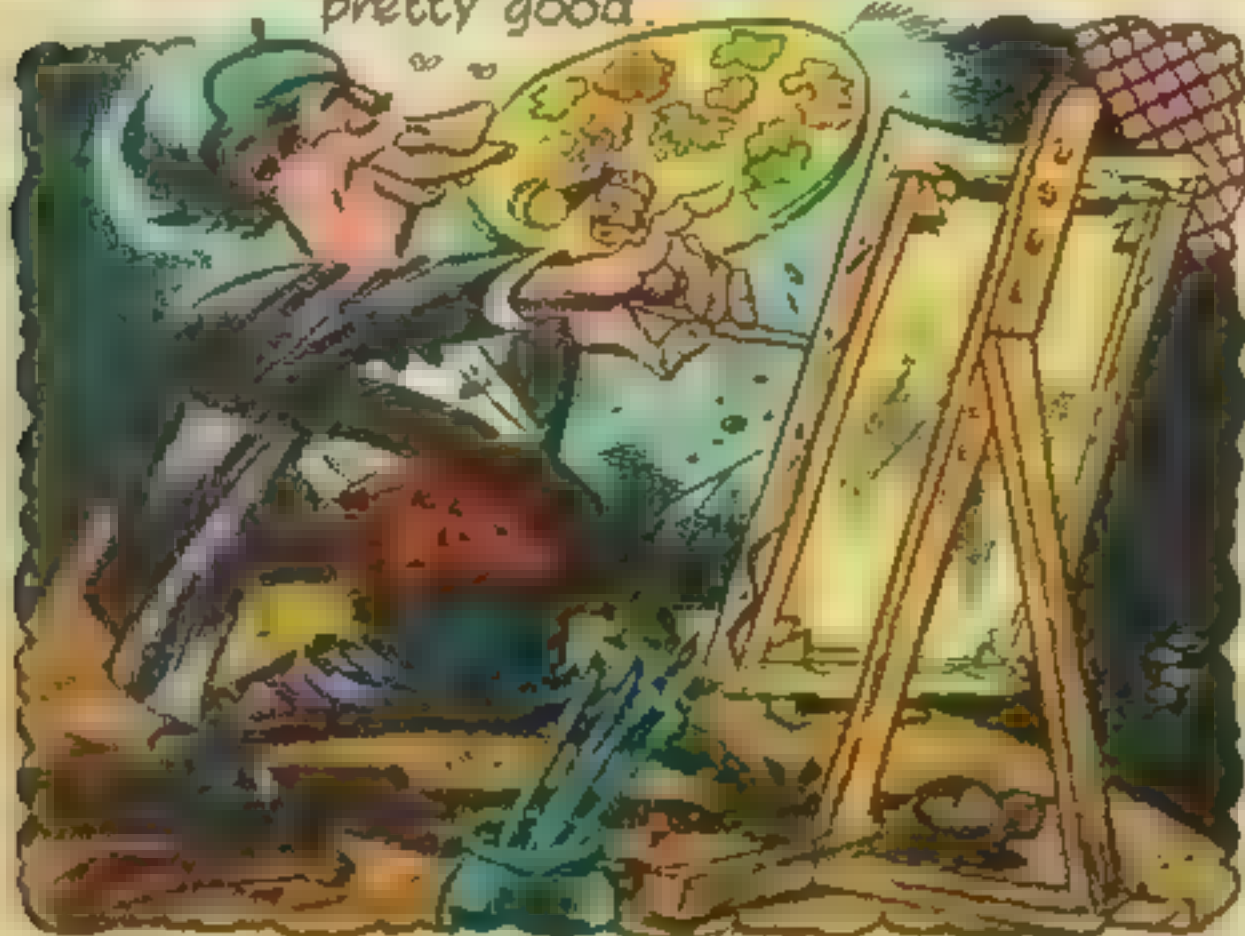
'You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to
tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you
now.

As I told you once I was a man with muscle,
frame and health,

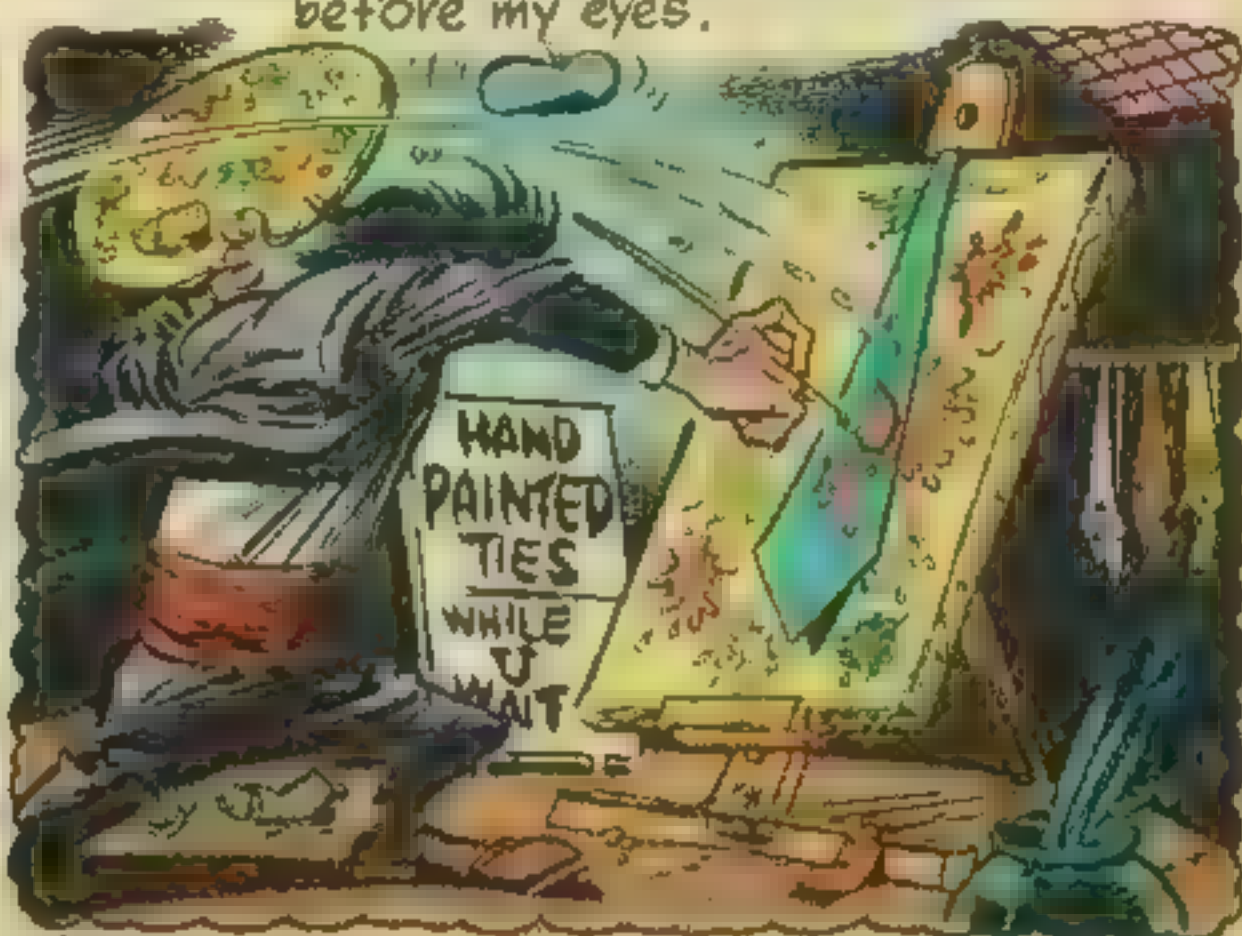
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made
considerable wealth



"I was a painter - not one that daubed on bricks
and wood
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated
pretty good.



"I worked hard, at my canvas and was bidding
fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame
before my eyes.



"I made a picture perhaps you've seen 'tis called
the 'Chase of Fame';
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and
added to my name



"And then I met a woman - now comes the
funny part -
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk
into my heart.



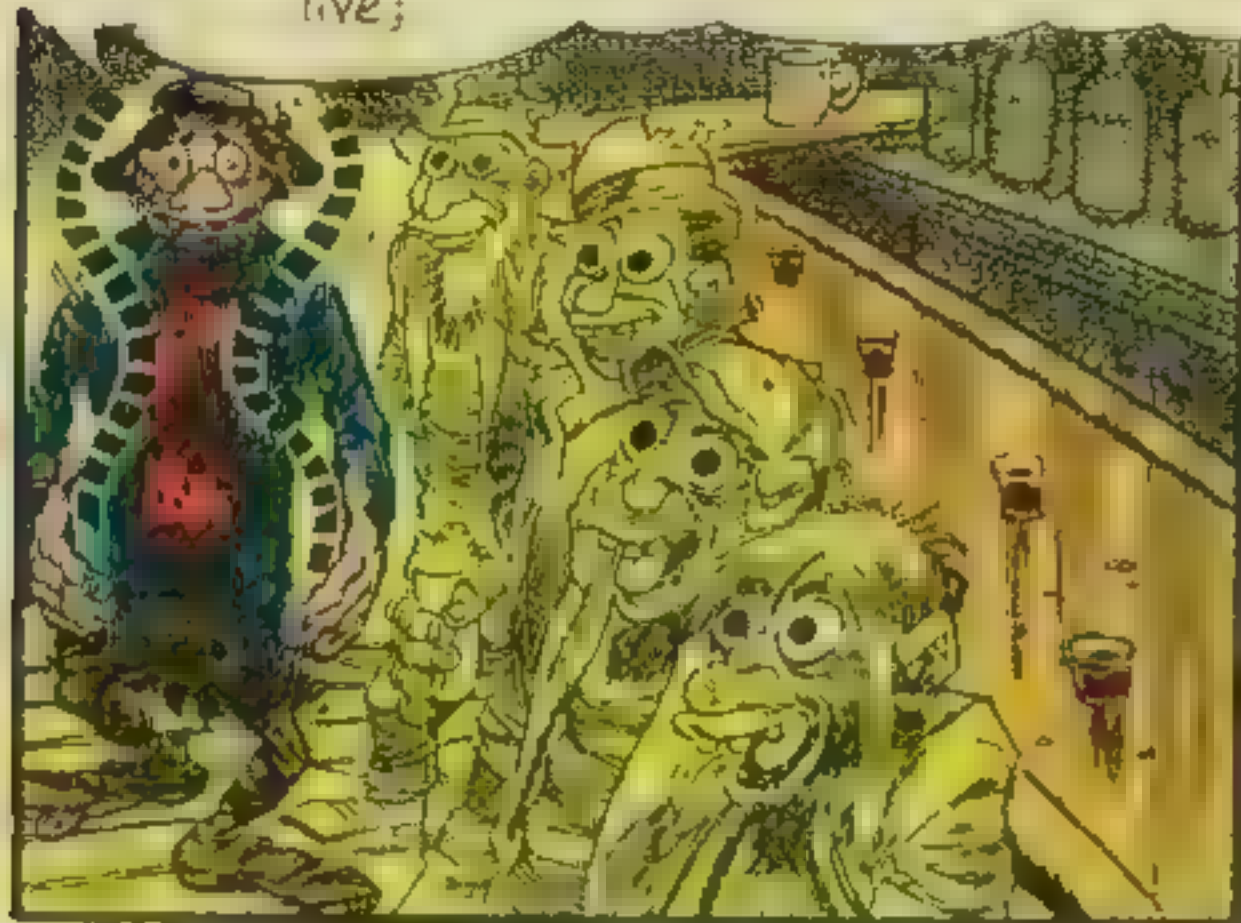
"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond
you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love
for me;



"But 'twas so, and for a month or two, her
smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine it
carried me to heaven.



"Did ever you see a woman for whom your soul
you'd give
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to
live;



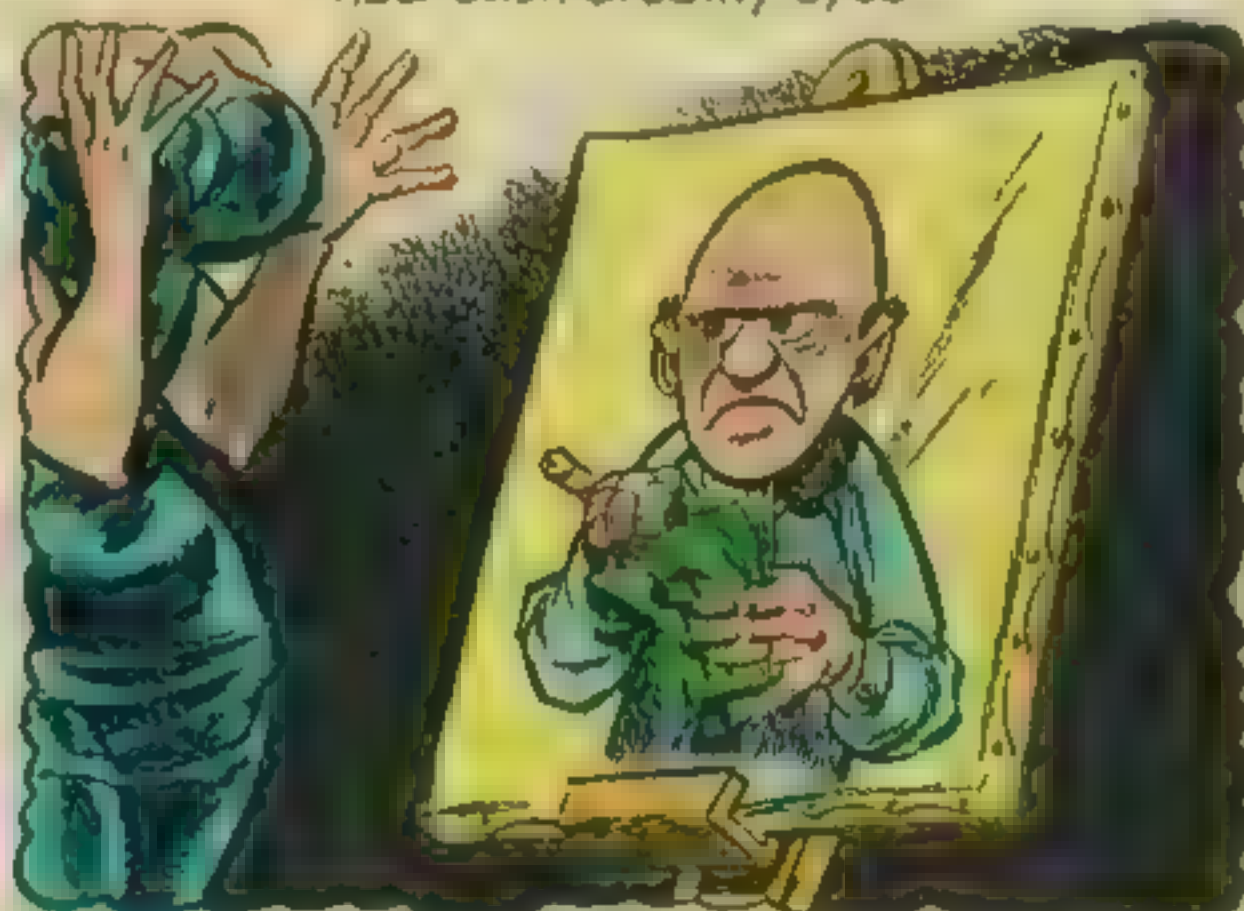
"With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and
a wealth of chestnut hair?
if so, 'twas sne, for there never was another
half so far.



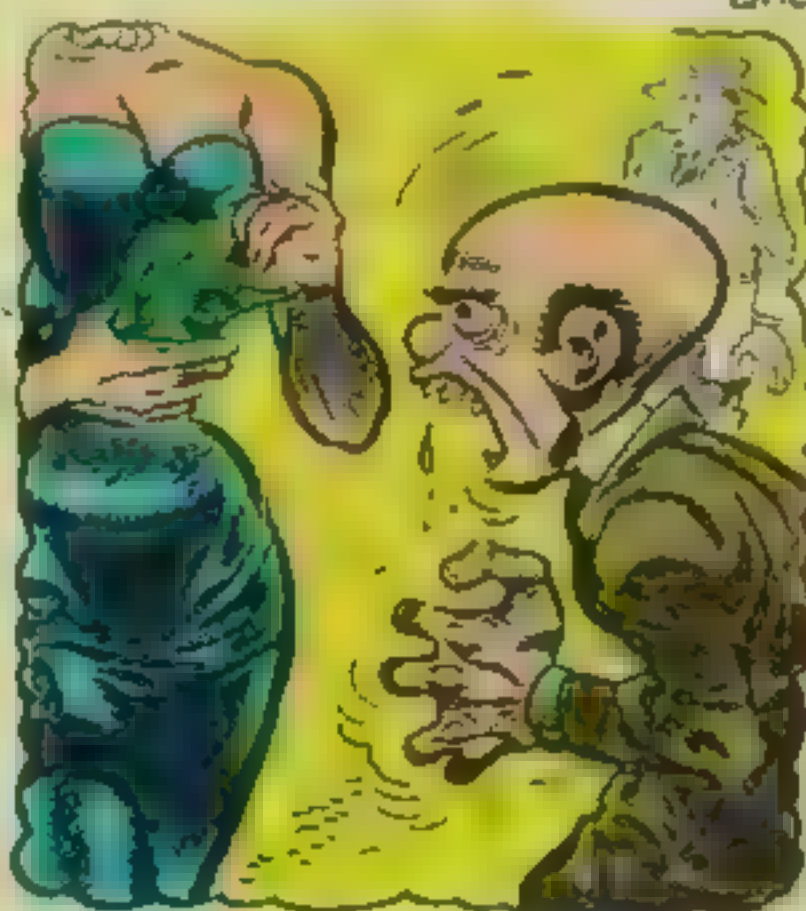
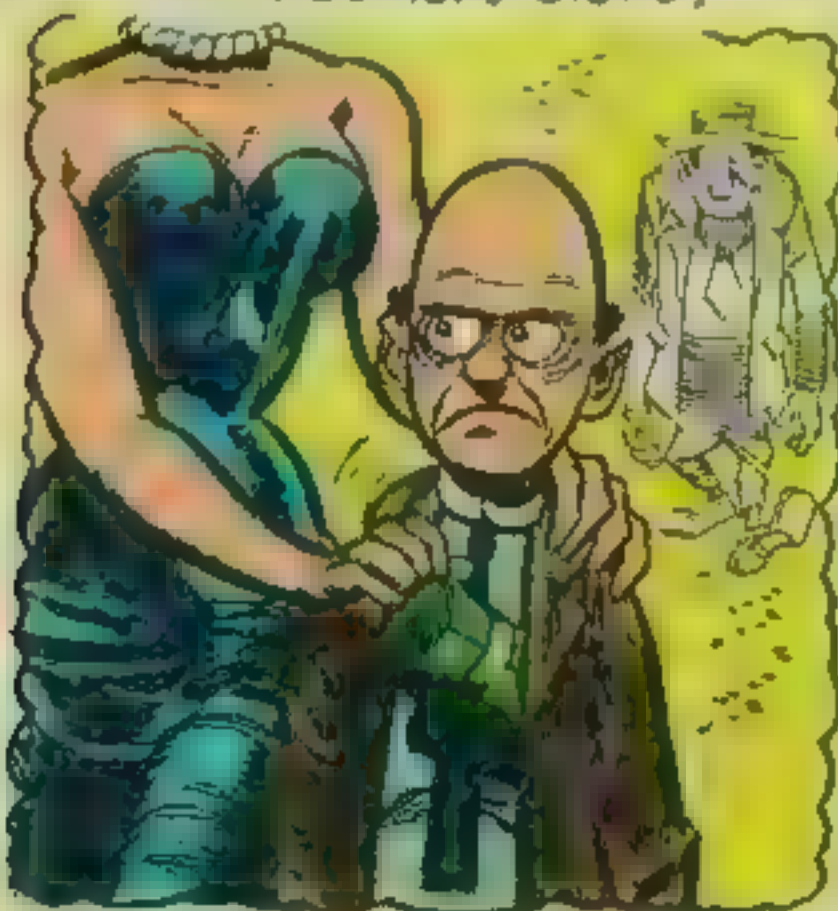
"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon
in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who
lived across the way,



"And Madeline admired it, and much to my
surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that
had such dreamy eyes



"It didn't take long to know him, and before
the month had flown
My friend had stolen my darling, and I
was left alone;



"And, ere a year of misery had passed above
my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished,
and was dead.



"That's why I took to drink - boys. Why I never
saw you smile.
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all
the while



"Why what's the matter with you? That's a tear-dropper
in your eye.
Come laugh like me - I'm a man who's a woman
that should cry



"Say boys if you give me just another whisky,
I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face
that drove me mad.



"Give me that - you'll drink with me - you'll
drink the blood out of me -
You shall see the face I made me upon the
barroom floor



Another drink and with the chalk in hand the
various began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul
of any man.



Then as he paced another look upon the
sharply dead
With fearful quick he stepped and fell
Before the picture - dead.

HERDING WORSHIP DEPT. THIS STORY IS THE USUAL SUPER TYPE STORY!... MAIN CHARACTER HAS SUPERHUMAN POWERS KUNG FUNKS AROUND IN VERY TIGHT FITTING TIGHTS! SAME OLD STUFF, YOU SAY? DULL, YOU SAY? DON'T GO 'WAY, BOYS, CAUSE THIS ~~CHARACTER~~ IN TIGHT FITTING TIGHTS IS A WOMAN! AND WE CALL HER THE

WOMAN WONDER!

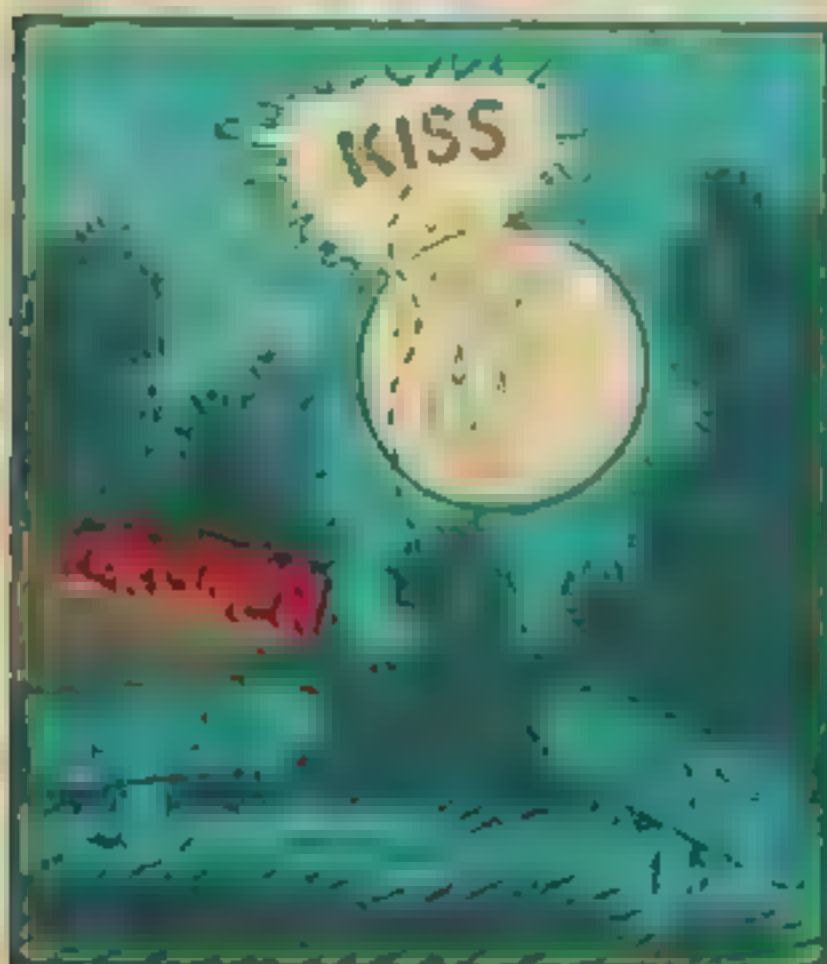


HEY! JOIN THE RUSH OR GET OUT OF THE WAY! THE WOMAN WONDER IS IN TOWN!

RIGHT!... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT BEAUTY AND YOU ARE RUNNING INTO TOWN TO GET A GLIMPSE OF HER LOVELY PERSONAGE?

WRONG! WE HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT POWER AND WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF TOWN TO FIND A SAFER PLACE FOR US... LIKE SING-SING OR DEVIL'S ISLAND...

DIANA BANANA WHO IS A REALITY THE WOMAN WONDER AND STEVE ADORER BOTH AS ARMY OFFICERS IN THE MOUNTAIN...



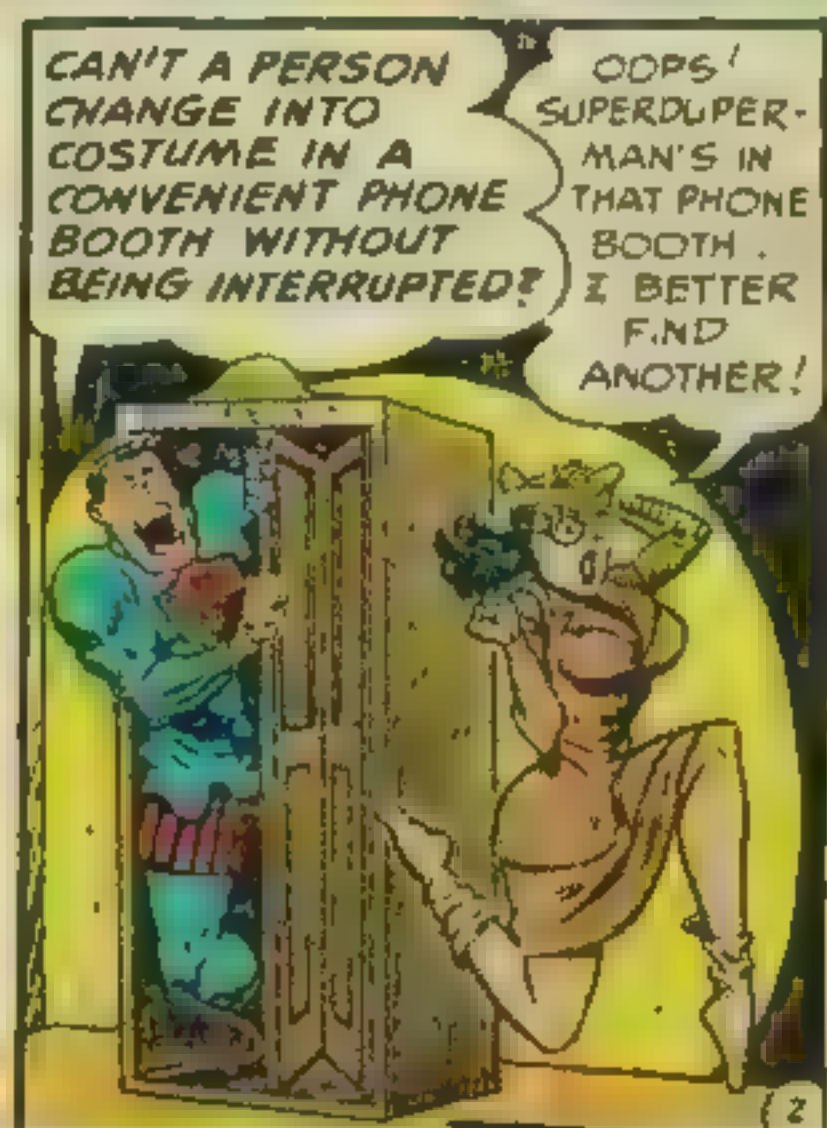
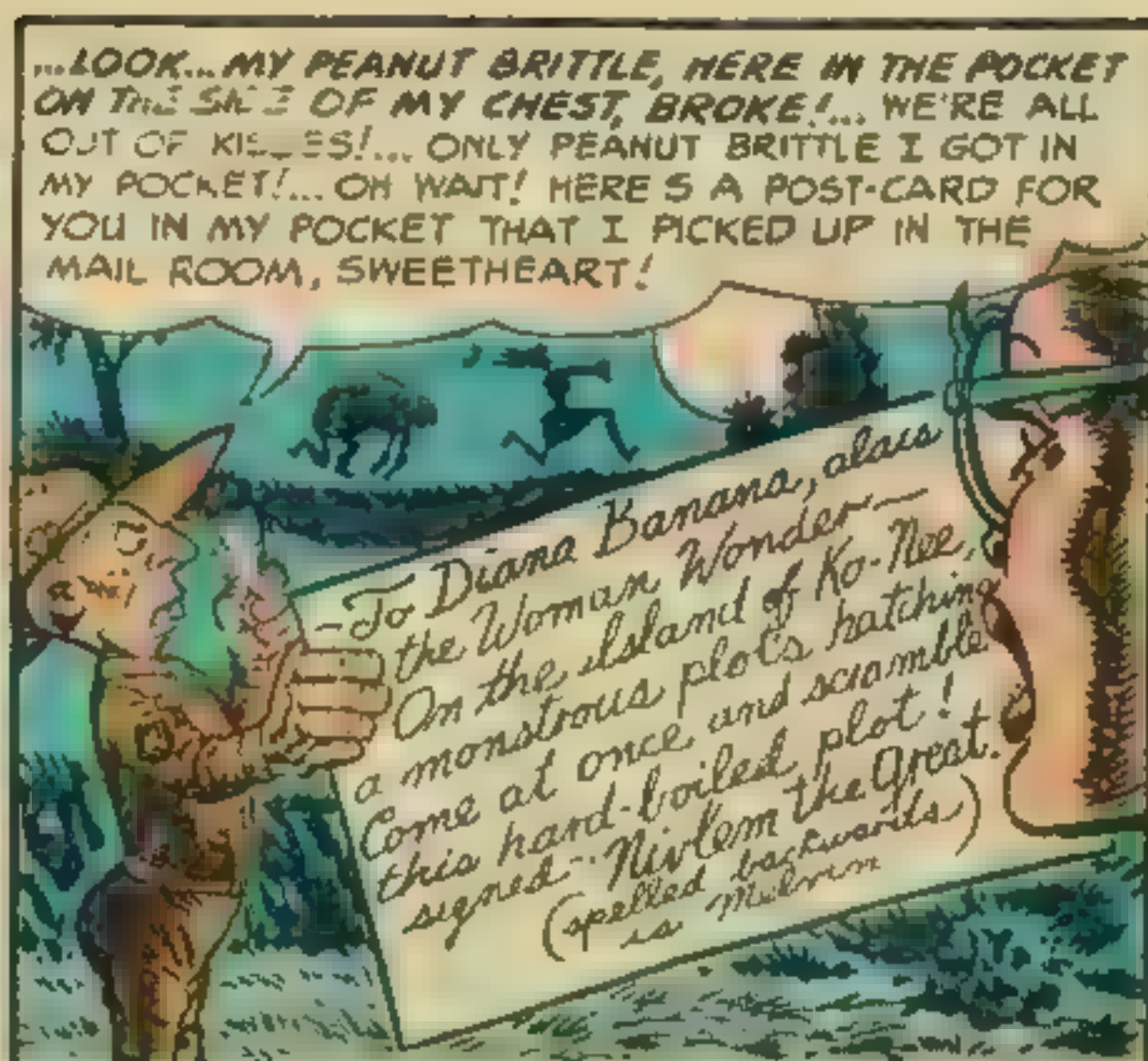
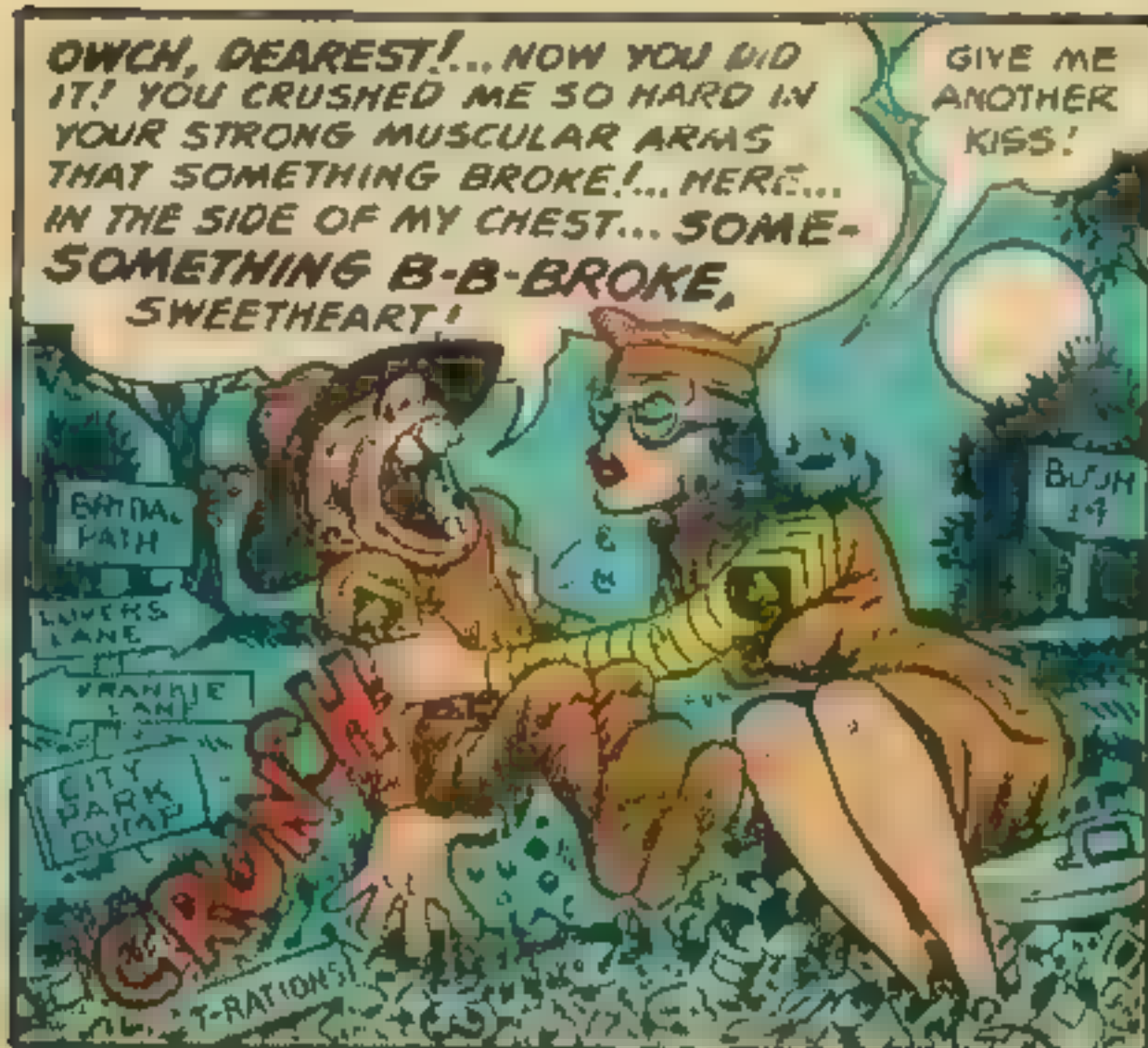
AM DEAREST WHEN YOU CRUSH ME IN YOUR STRONG ARMS I I... I MELT.

GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!

OOH, DEAREST WHEN YOU CRUSH ME SO HARD IN YOUR STRONG SINEWY, HAIRY MUSCULAR ARMS I I I... I - BREAK!

GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!

TAKE CARE OF YOUR GROUNDS. NO HOT GROUNDS.



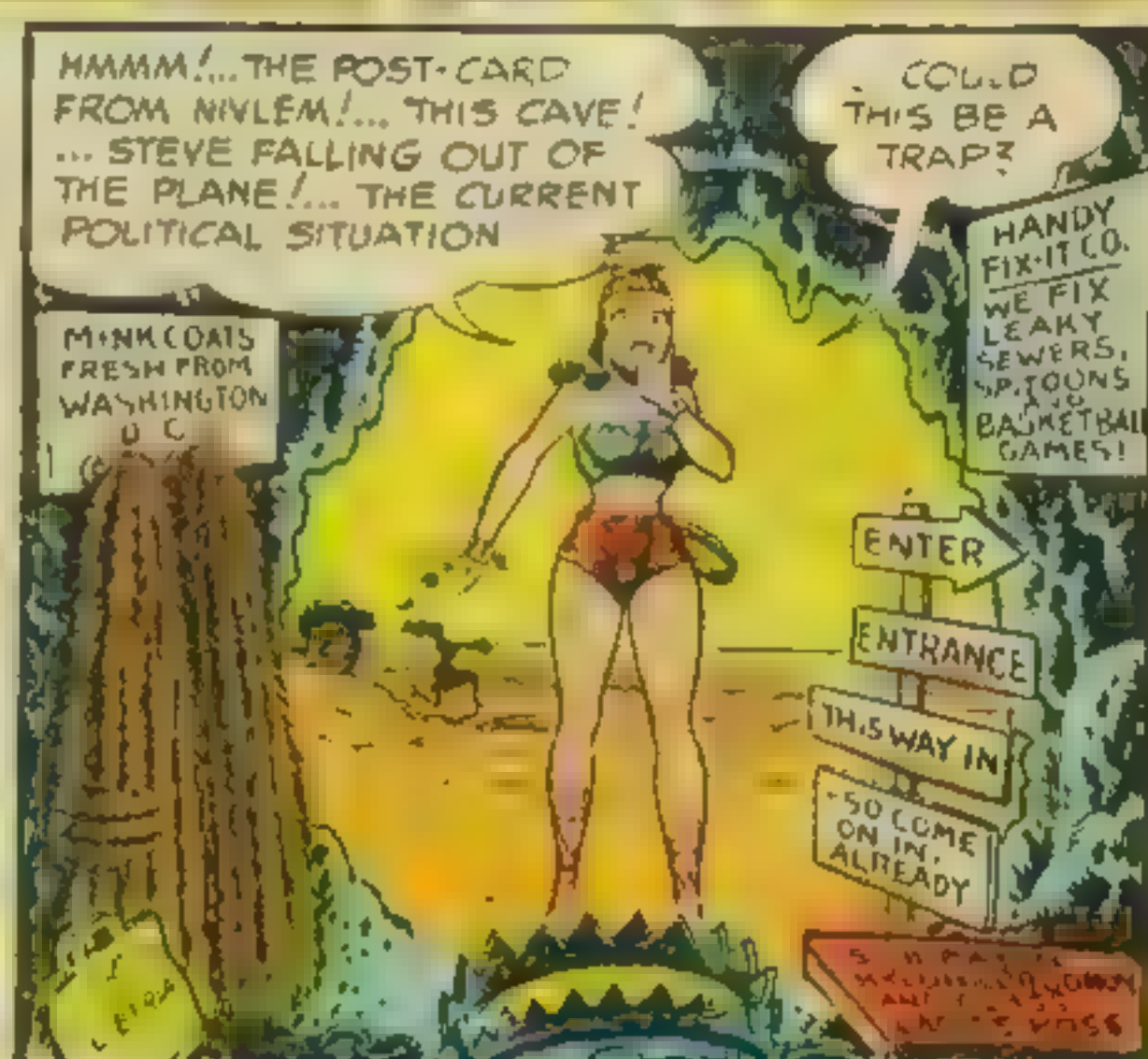
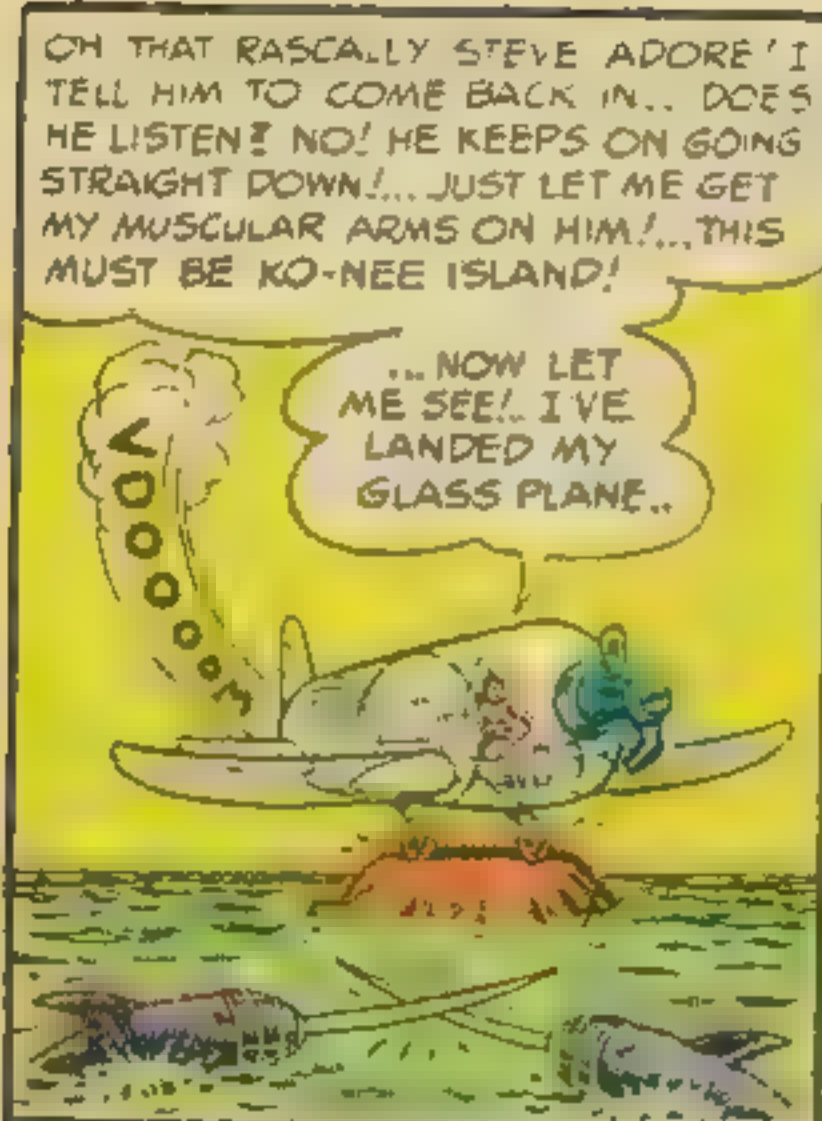
PRIVATE TRANS-PARENT GLASS ROBOT-PLANE!

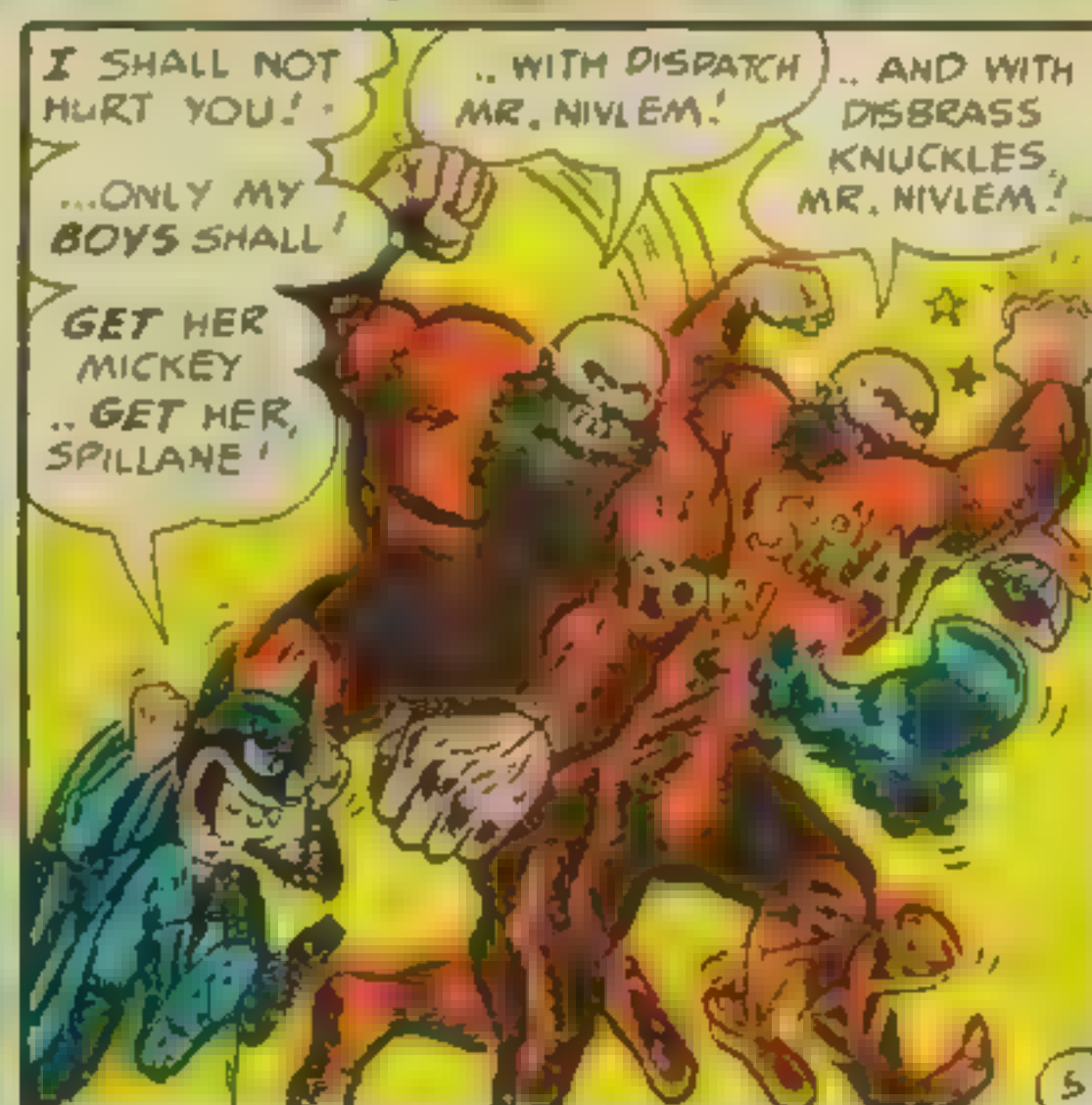
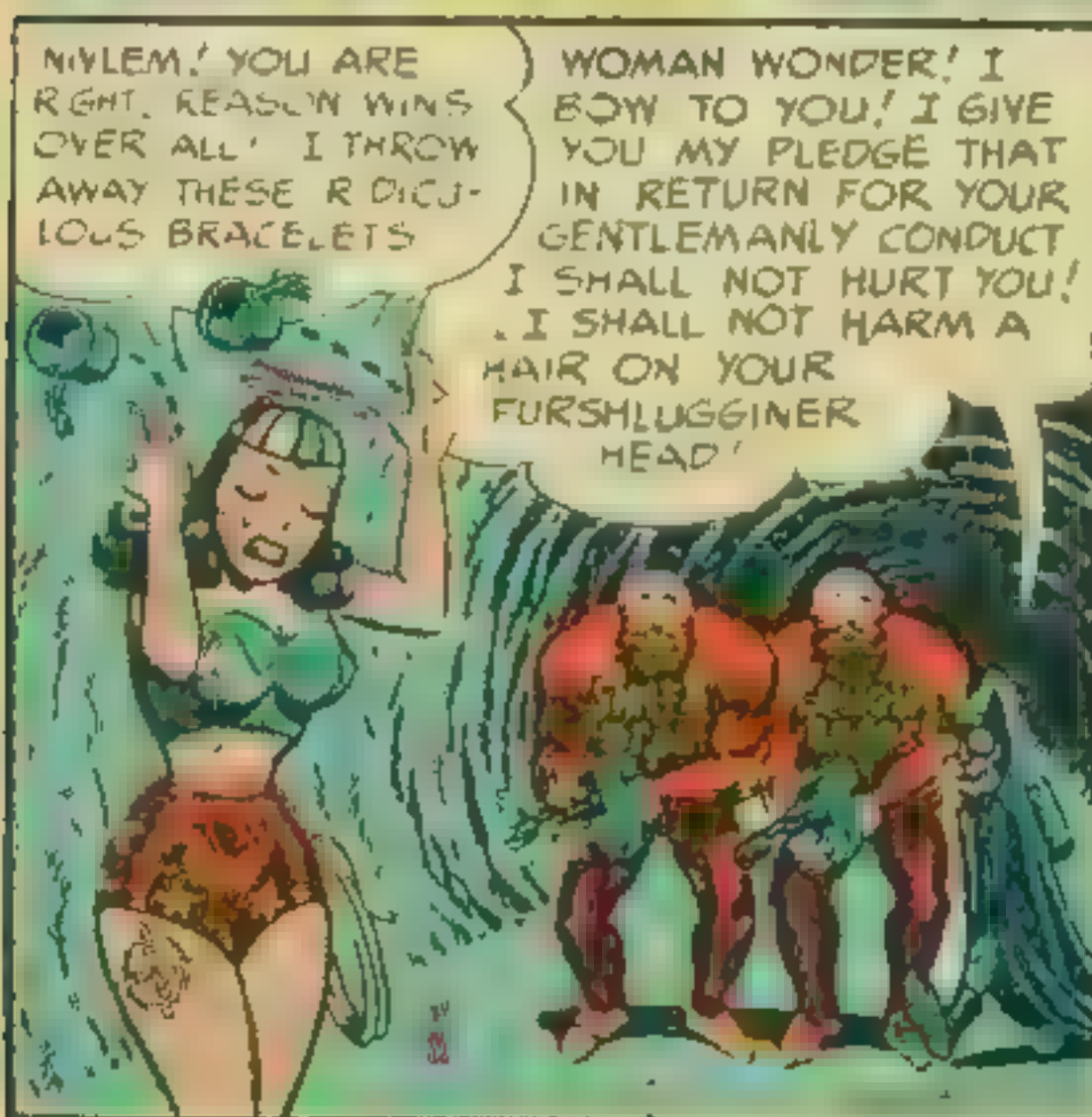
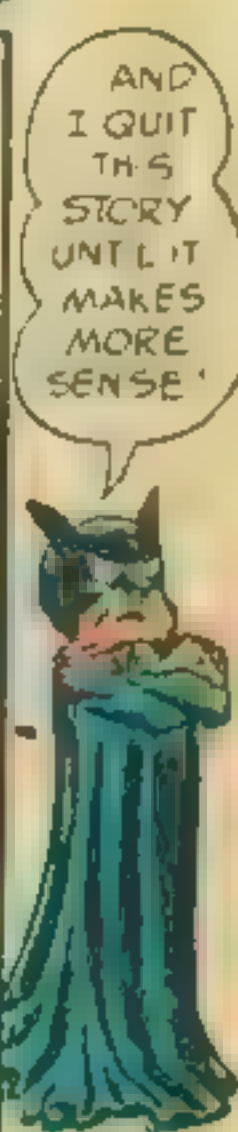
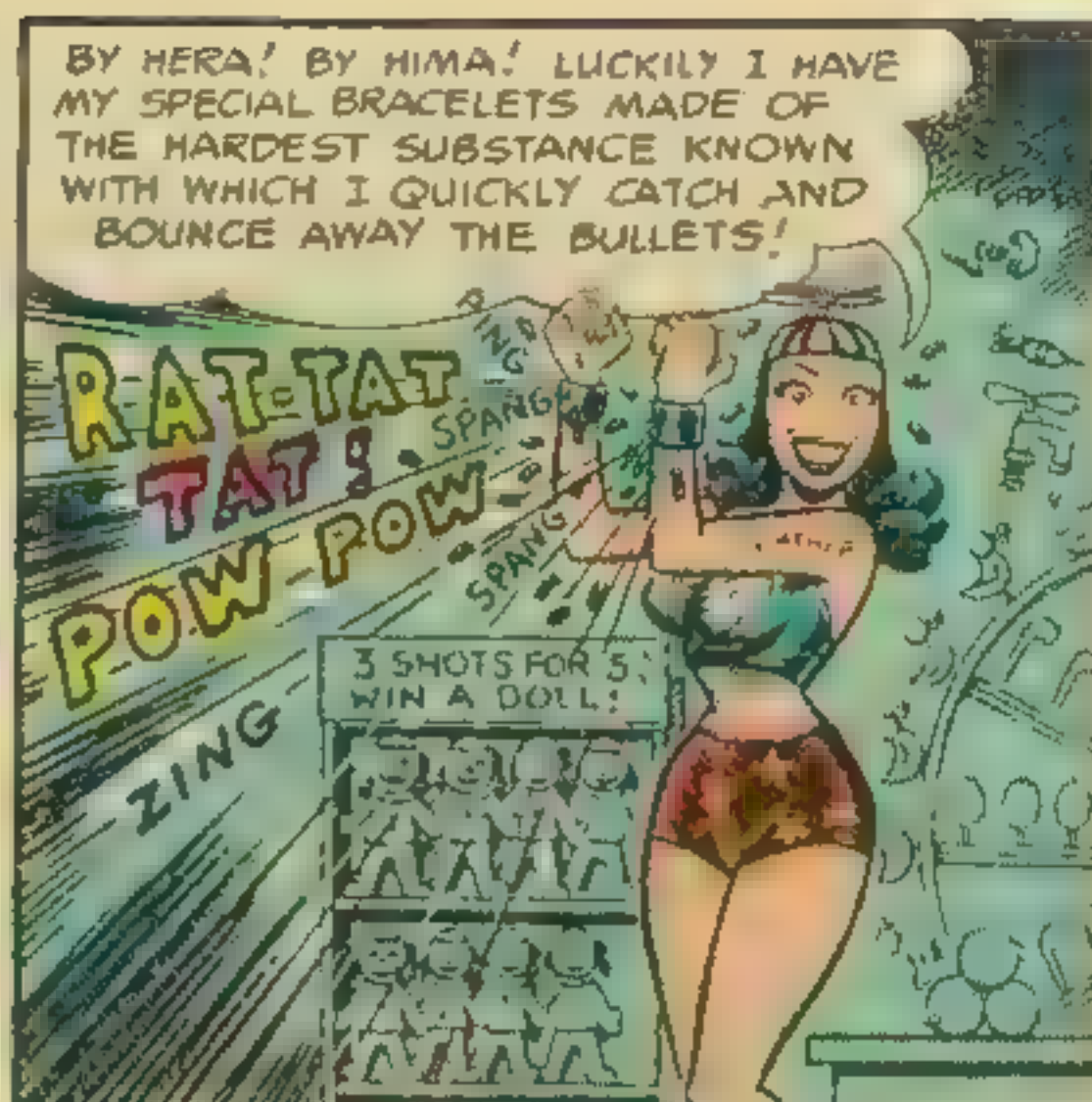
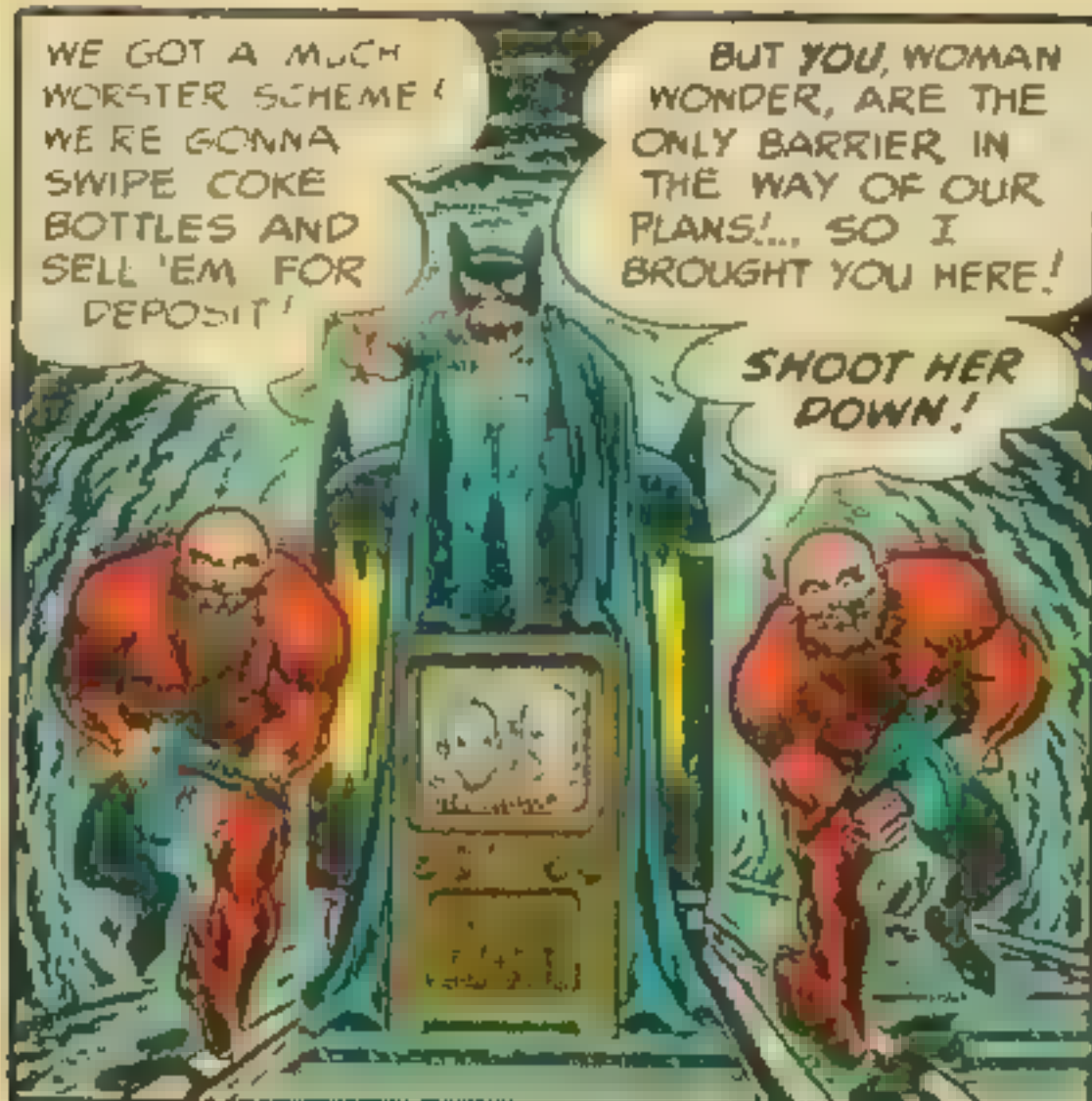
YUH YUH!

... HMM! CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO THINK OF!

YUH YUH!

A woman with dark hair and a headband is looking out of a large, curved window. She is wearing a blue and white patterned top. A speech bubble from her says, "THE ROBOT-PLANE LOOKING OUT?". Outside the window, a small, brown, robot-like plane is visible. The background shows a futuristic interior with various panels and a large, curved structure.

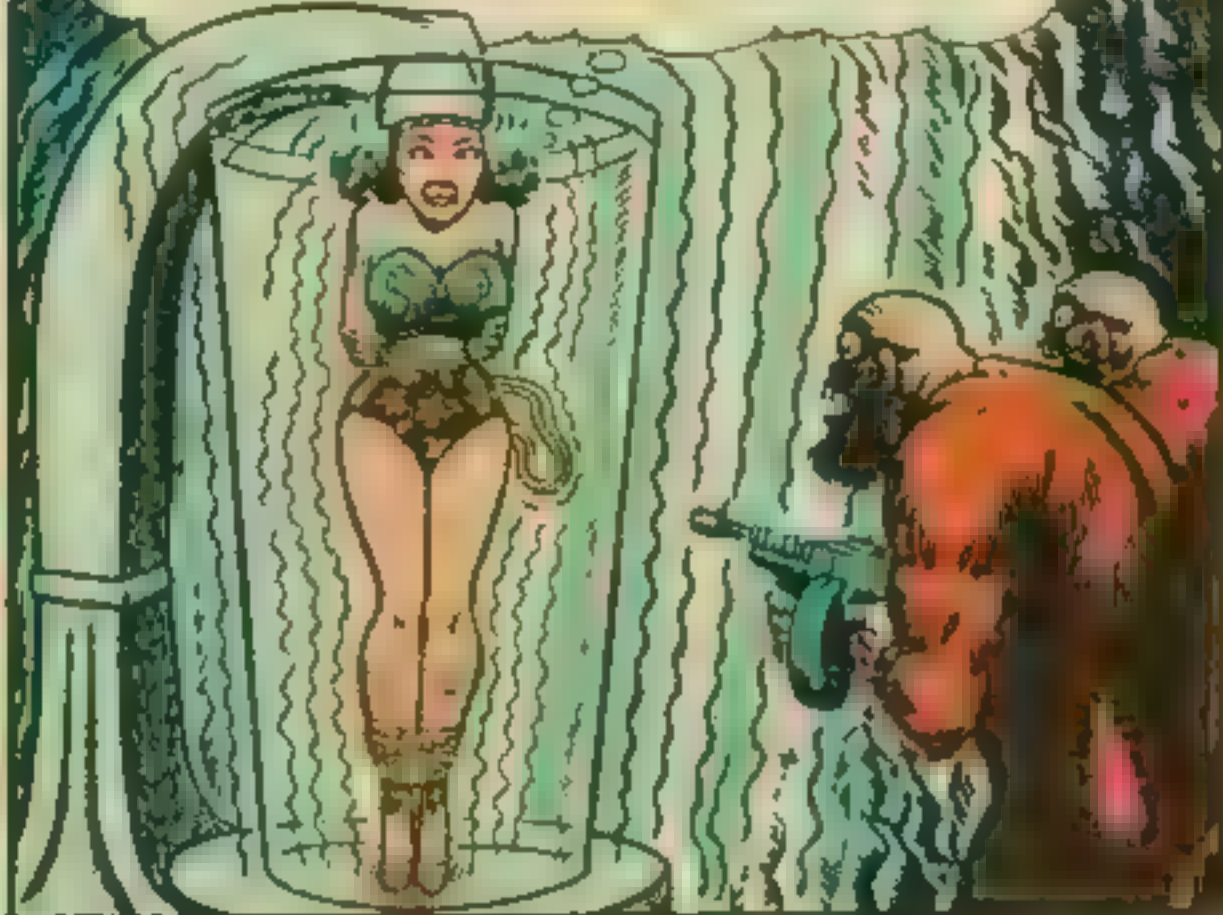




BY NEPTUNE'S WATER-WINGS! THEY'VE GOT ME TIED HAND AND FOOT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO! BY QUIETLY VIBRATING MY MUSCLES I CAN SET UP PLENTY POWERFUL VIBRATIONS!



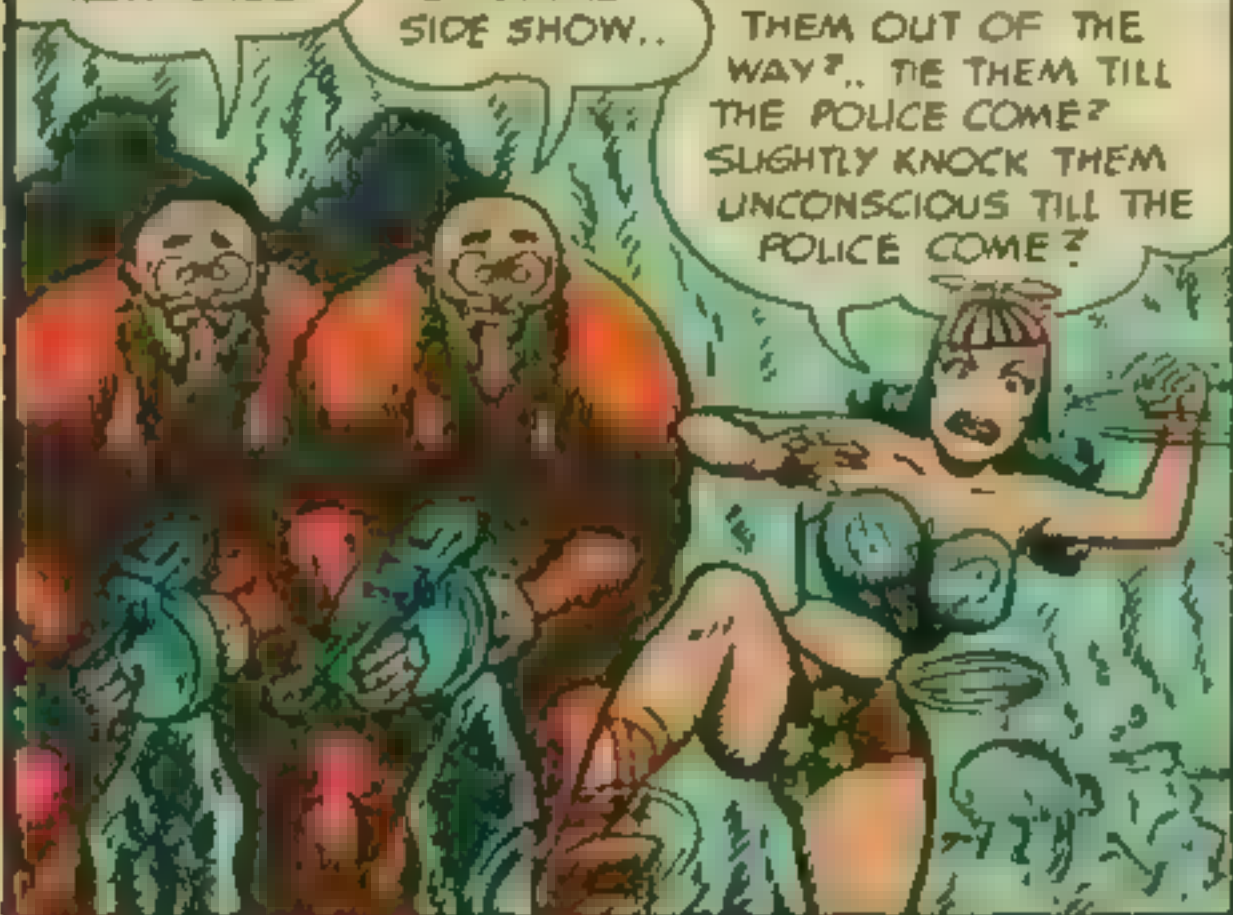
...VIBRATIONS THAT ARE GOOD FOR BREAKING ROPES, PARALYZING CROOKS, MASSAGING AND STIMULATING HAIR GROWTH ON THE SCALP... AND RELIEVING TIRED FEET!



YUH YUH! ONCE I SAW VIBRATIONS LIKE DAT IN MILLWAUKEE!

YUH YUH! DERE WUZ A GIRL IN DIS CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW..

HAH! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THEM PARALYZED MOMENTARILLY, WHAT SHALL I DO TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY?.. TIE THEM TILL THE POLICE COME? SLIGHTLY KNOCK THEM UNCONSCIOUS TILL THE POLICE COME?



...AWW NUTS!

...I'LL PLAY SAFE AN' JUST KILL 'EM!

BY NEPTUNE'S BEACH UMBRELLA I AM MUCH WEAKENED BY BATTLE AND I HAVE YET TO CAPTURE NIVLEM!



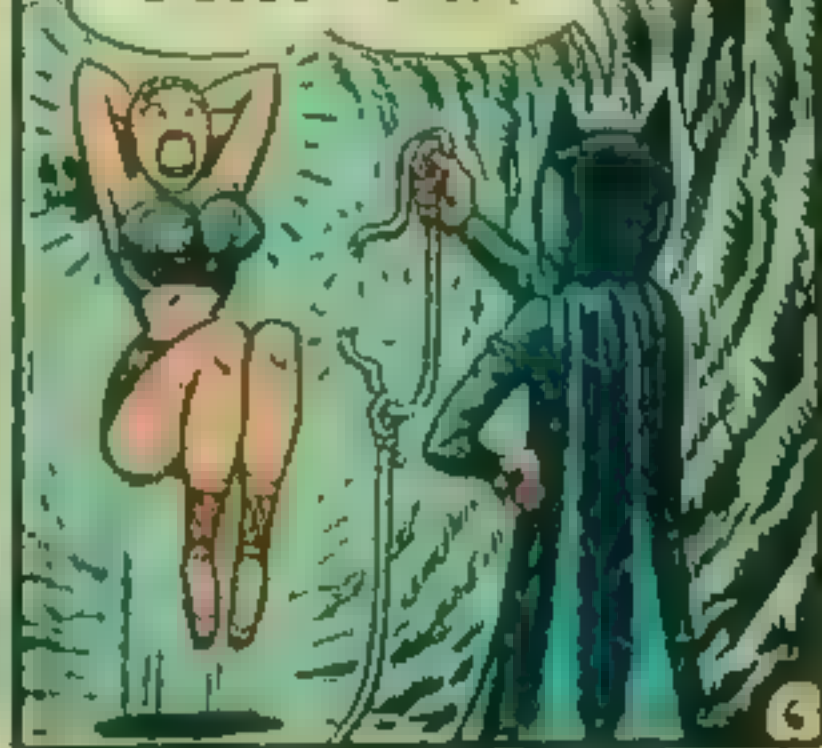
BUT BY NEPTUNE'S SUN-TAN LOTION, I STILL HAVE MY LASSOO LEFT...MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO THAT MAKES ANYBODY WHO IS LASSOOED, PARALYZED.. PROVIDED I ALSO DO VIBRATIONS WHILE LASSOOING!

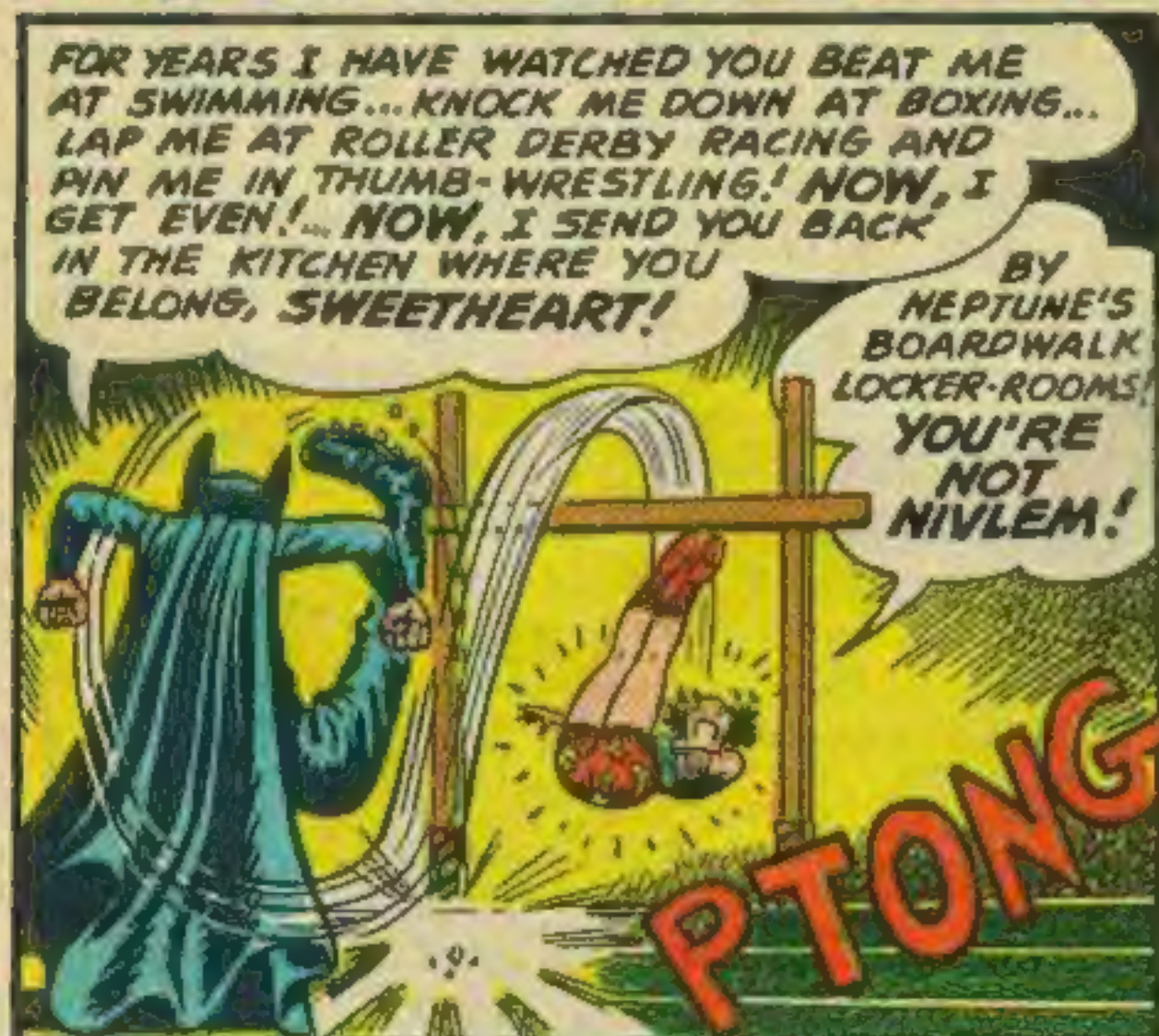


HAAAA! YOU POOR FOOL! IT IS USELESS TO TRY AND STRUGGLE TO BREAK THROUGH MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO! NOTHING CAN BREAK THROUGH MY LASSOO UNLESS I SO WILL IT!

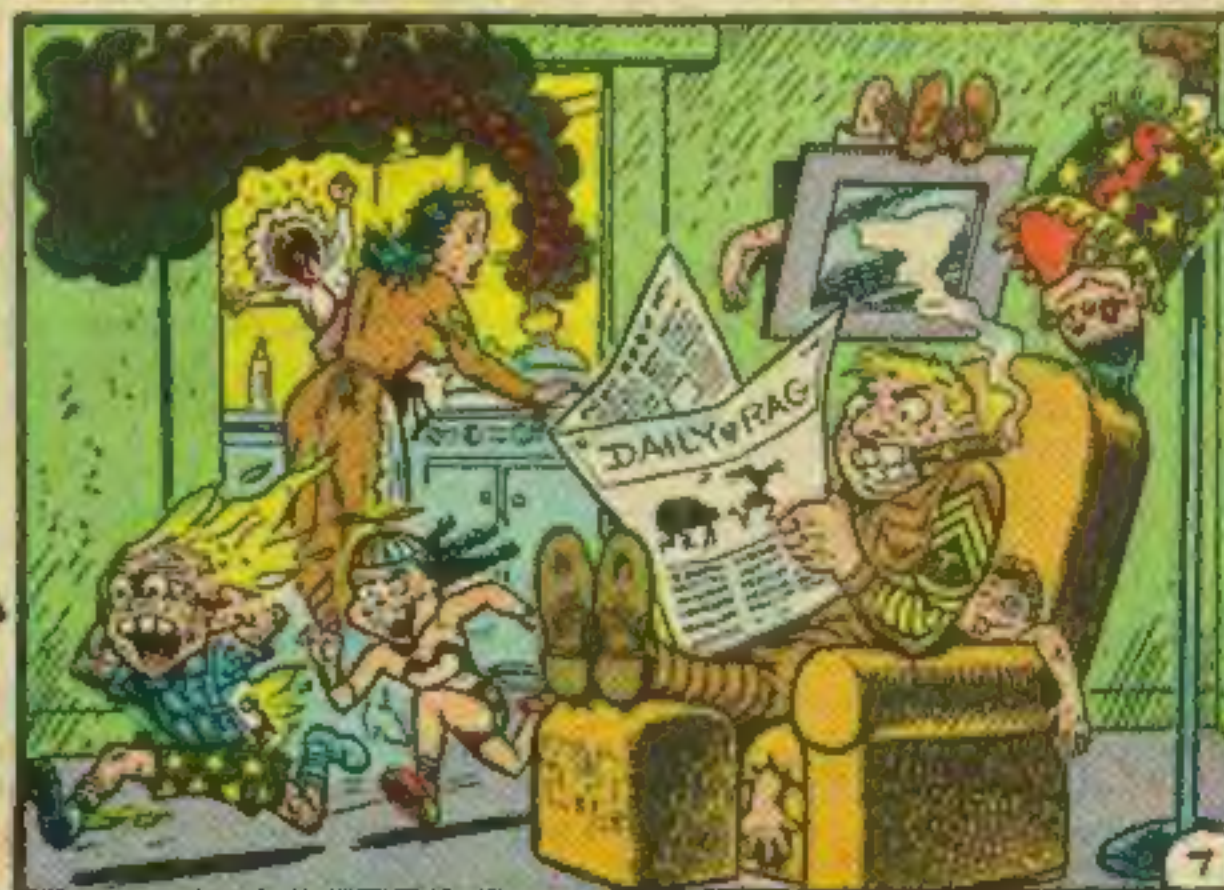


WOMAN WONDER! I STOLE YOUR POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO A LONG TIME AGO AND HOCKED IT FOR PLENTY CASH TO BUY THIS CAVE SET-UP! THIS LASSOO IS A SICKLY REALISTIC PLASTIC LASSOO I SUBSTITUTED!





STEVE ADORE, WHO IS IN REALITY, NIVLEM...AND DIANA BANANA...ARE NOW MARRIED! DIANA BANANA IS NOW CONTENT WITH THE NORMAL FEMALE LIFE OF WORKING OVER A HOT STOVE!



AND STEVE CAN EVEN KNOCK HER DOWN IN BOXING!



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I TRAINED THESE MEN



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"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.



"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.



"By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Stroutenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

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Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

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You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

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Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

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Good for Both—FREE

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VETS write in date of discharge _____



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I DON'T CARE how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! **Only 15 minutes a day**—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscles!

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